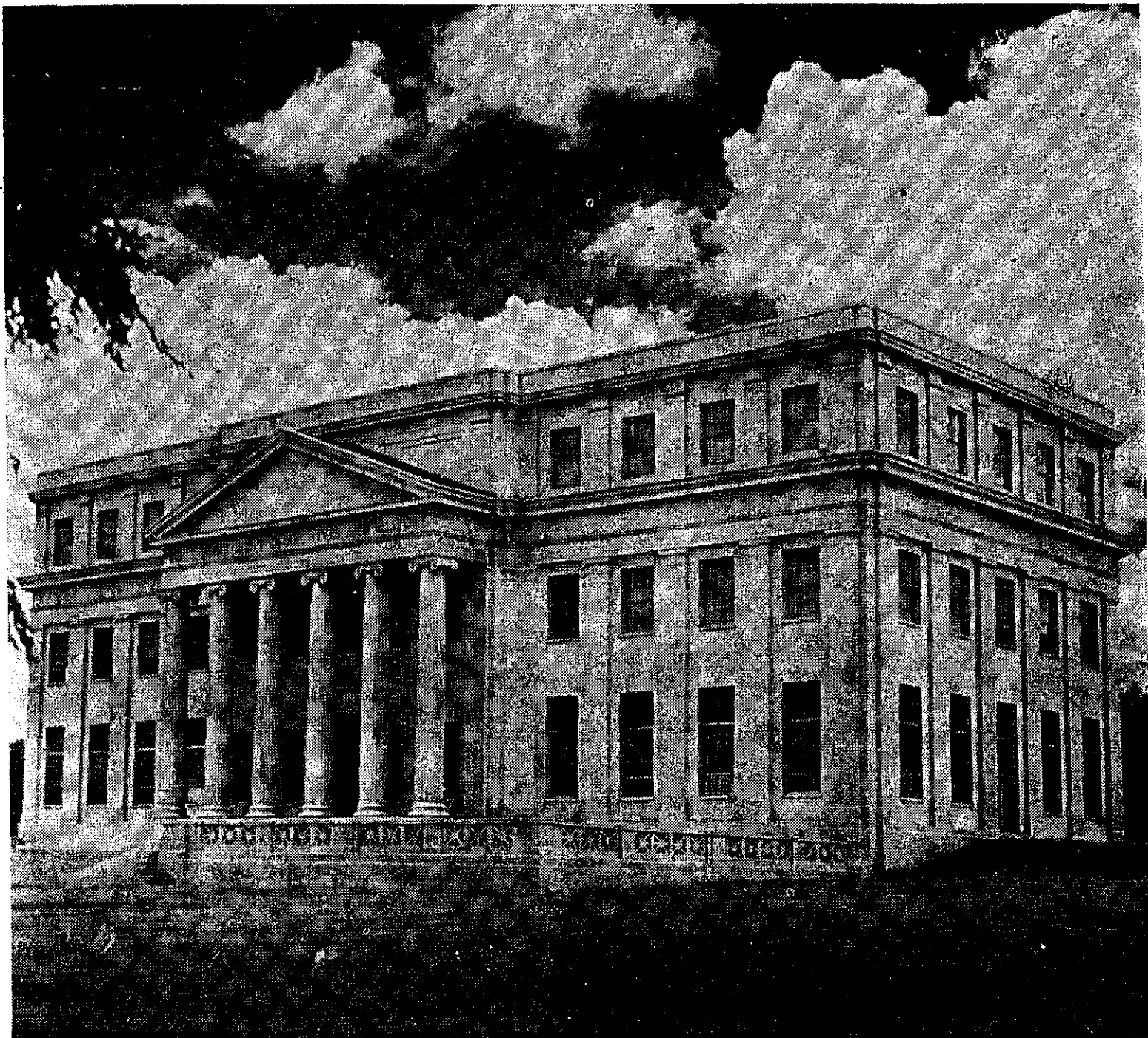


THE ALABAMA HISTORICAL QUARTERLY



THE ALABAMA WORLD WAR MEMORIAL BUILDING
Permanent Home of the Alabama State Department
of Archives and History

VOL. 2

NO. 3

FALL ISSUE
1940

THE ALABAMA HISTORICAL QUARTERLY

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Published by the
STATE DEPARTMENT
OF
ARCHIVES AND HISTORY

Price \$2.00 annually; single copies, 50c.

VOL. 2

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1940

WETUMPKA PRINTING CO.
Printers and Publishers
Wetumpka, Ala.
1941

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STATE ARCHIVES DEDICATED BY SOCIETY OF AMERICAN ARCHIVISTS

The first public exercises held in the Alabama World War Memorial Building under the auspices of the Alabama State Department of Archives and History, which occupies the building, was on June 14, 1940, immediately after the Department moved into its new quarters. At that time the stately marble corridor on the second floor was dedicated by the Board of Trustees of the Department as the Hall of Flags.

The second public ceremonies held in the building transpired on November 11, 1940, when the three archival sections of the Department's collections were dedicated by the Society of American Archivists. That organization, composed of men and women who administer official archives throughout the forty-eight states of the Union were holding their fourth annual meeting. Among the distinguished archivists present was the National Archivist, Dr. R. D. W. Connor, from Washington, D. C. Several other addresses in addition to Dr. Connor's were made, in which each speaker eulogized the vision of the late Thomas M. Owen, who was responsible for the creation of the Alabama State Department of Archives and History, by the Legislature of 1901. That the stately building and its valuable contents were the materialization of the dream of Dr. Owen prior to his death in 1920 was a matter of frequent reference and high praise by each speaker. Other sessions of the Society of American Archivists, during the two days of their meeting in Montgomery, were held at the Jefferson Davis Hotel.

Address of Dr. R. D. W. Connor, National Archivist

We have met this afternoon to dedicate those portions of this beautiful building that have been set aside for the use of the archival sections of the Alabama Department of Archives and History. All of us are fully aware of the significance of this event. The establishment of this department in 1901 has been called "a new venture in political science" in the United States. Historical societies dedicated to analogous purposes had appeared much earlier in our history and had rendered and are still rendering indispensable service to American scholarship and culture, but those societies were private or semi-public institutions supported in part, at least, by member-

ship fees and endowments from private sources and did not usually have custody of public archives. The Alabama department, on the other hand, was the first archival agency established in the United States as an official organ of a government. The full significance of this fact becomes apparent when we recall that today the Federal Government and nearly every state in the Union have followed the example thus set by the State of Alabama.

A philosopher once said that an institution is but the lengthened shadow of a man's life. No better illustration of this truth can be found than the Alabama Department of Archives and History. The brain-child of Thomas M. Owen, it was he who brought it into existence, nourished it through the weakness of infancy, directed its growth into strength and vigor, and indelibly stamped upon it the qualities of his own mind and character. The idea expressed in this building and the purposes to which it is dedicated, like most ideas that find expression in some concrete form, was not the result of theory but of experience. Although trained to the law, Dr. Owen in early life found his interests running strongly to history. He had already manifested a deep interest in the history of his native state when in 1894 an opportunity came to him to enter the service of the government in Washington. Without hesitation he gave up his growing law practice in Alabama because he realized the opportunities that would be opened to him by a brief sojourn at the Nation's capital. There he would have access to the rich sources for historical research at the Library of Congress and association with eminent publicists and scholars whose interests were similar to his own. Into this circle, composed of such men as Stephen B. Weeks, Colyer Merriwether, Thomas Nelson Page, and, at times, Walter Hines Page, he found ready and welcome admittance. One of the first fruits of his association with these men was the organization of the Southern Historical Association, which for many years was a powerful factor in stimulating historical interests in the South.

At every opportunity to escape from the grind of his duties in the Post Office Department, young Owen would hasten to the Library of Congress, where for two years he labored diligently and happily at the compilation of bibliographies of Alabama and her sister state of Mississippi. This work brought him into close and friendly relations with Dr. Ainsworth R. Spofford, Librarian of Congress, under whose direction Owen did his work. Spofford,

probably, exercised a greater influence upon Owen's professional career than any other person. He was, says his biographer, "perhaps the most widely renowned of the librarians of the old school, who took, or seemed to take, all that was between the covers (of their books) as their own province". His marvelous memory made him "an unfailing source of factual knowledge to official and unofficial Washington" and "a conspicuous and even unique member of various cultural and learned societies" in that city. With Spofford and the other members of his circle of friends, Dr. Owen discussed books, delved deeply into the mysteries of research, imbibed the spirit of true scholarship, and greatly broadened his historical outlook.

Three years of such experience proved a liberal education for the young scholar from the Deep South and when he returned to Alabama in 1897 he was fully resolved to desert the dreary science of Solon for the more congenial service of Clio. The South was notoriously indifferent to the preservation of the sources of its history and Dr. Owen believed that he could render no more valuable service to his people than to arouse them from their lethargy in this matter. To this task he set his hand and heart and mind with all the enthusiasm of the neophyte. A fortunate incident paved the way for him. Calling upon an official at the Capitol one day shortly after his return to the state, he noticed that the door to the office was propped open by an old book. His indignation at this desecration was aroused when upon examination he found the book to be nothing less than a bound volume containing the "original telegrams sent by Gov. A. B. Moore to various military leaders, state and national, during the first year of the Confederacy." Then and there the Alabama Department of Archives and History was conceived.

Aroused by this example of an archival crime, Dr. Owen began his attack upon an indifferent officialdom. He prepared his case with painstaking thoroughness. Everybody knew that Alabama had a great history, but few realized that knowledge of that history was based chiefly on tradition and, therefore, lacked much in fullness and accuracy because of the lack of available source materials. During the two centuries of her history, Alabama had made and accumulated valuable records of her life and development, but nobody seemed to know how voluminous they were, where they could be found, or how well they were being cared for. Tom

Owen, however, had an inquisitive mind. He wanted to know the facts, and he began to investigate. Those of us who have followed along the path that he trod know well enough what he discovered—a trail of destruction left by careless officials and inexperienced clerks; the throwing of valuable official records into tow sacks to be hauled away and dumped into warehouses in order to make room for current files; the losses and deterioration that even the current files were suffering from inadequate protection and official indifference.

As a lawyer and as a scholar, Dr. Owen knew the potential value to both the State and its citizens of official correspondence, orders, reports, account books, land grants, judicial proceedings, Legislative journals, laws, and other public records however old they may be. As a lawyer, he knew that government officials are dependent upon such records for the orderly conduct of public business and the protection of public interests; that the citizen finds in them the evidence of his rights and liberties—his right to vote, his right to the land on which he lives, his right to carry on business, his right to inherit and devise property, his right to freedom of assembly, freedom of speech, freedom of worship. As a scholar, Dr. Owen knew that such records are the chief sources of the history of the state and its people, that many of them have inestimable sentimental and cultural value, and that a people who are indifferent to their past need not hope to make their future great.

Armed with facts and equipped with arguments, Dr. Owen carried his war into Africa. With a bill for the establishment of a Department of Archives and History in his pocket, he invaded the Capitol, besieged representatives, sandbagged senators, and captured the governor. His bill, having jumped all the Legislative hurdles, finally reached the desk of the Governor, who approved it on February 27, 1901; five days later the department was organized and Dr. Owen entered upon his duties as Director, which were to terminate only with his death 20 years later.

Dr. Owen's conception of the objects and purposes of the department is set forth in a section of the organic act. They are: the care and custody of official archives, the collection of materials bearing upon the history of the state, and of the territory included therein, from the earliest times, the completion

and publication of the state's official records and other historical materials, the diffusion of knowledge in reference to the history and resources of the state, (and) the encouragement of historical work and research . . . It would be difficult to improve this statement, and there are probably few of us who afterwards drafted similar legislation for our own states who did not incorporate it almost *verbatim* into our bills. At least, I can speak for one of them.

The beginnings of the Alabama department were modest. An annual appropriation of \$3,000 was deemed sufficient for all purposes and the Senate cloakroom adequate as an archival repository. Nothing daunted by this unpromising outlook, the Director set to work. His first drive was upon heads of executive and administrative departments to persuade them to transfer their non-current records to the archives department. From all sorts of sources he collected manuscripts, books, newspapers, museum objects, and portraits of famous Alabamians. Soon the Senate cloakroom was bursting with Owen's collections and legislators were beginning to fear that unless they gave him more space, he would take over the halls of legislation and perhaps the offices of the Governor and other officials. You may think this statement somewhat exaggerated, but how else, by any accepted canon of historical interpretation, can you explain the fact that in 1903 the alarmed lawmakers were induced to appropriate \$150,000 for the enlargement of the Capitol? Upon the completion of the first of the new wings, Dr. Owen immediately moved in, and with characteristic self-restraint took over *only* half of the basement for his archives and one half of the second floor for his other activities. Doubtless grateful officials of the government were duly appreciative of his consideration in leaving the other half of the wing for the use of some half dozen other departments. But the end was not yet. Within a decade the stream of material which continued to flow into the Department of Archives and History burst forth from its narrow confines in the Capitol and overflowed into five buildings which then stood on the block now occupied by this building in which we are assembled.

This memorial Building is the capstone of Dr. Owen's work and like the Department of Archives and History owes its existence to his inspiration. The year 1919 in which the idea, of which it is the concrete expression, began to take shape in his mind, was the centennial year of the admission of Alabama into the Federal

Union. It was also the year in which Alabama's "Doughboys", leaving 1,698 of their comrades quietly sleeping in the poppy fields of Flanders, came home from the World War, in which they had added new glory to the history of their State. A grateful people wished to commemorate their services to the state and nation by some fitting memorial. What more suitable form could such a memorial take than a beautiful building as enduring as the marble in their everlasting hills, erected "to commemorate the part of Alabama and Alabamians in the World War" and devoted to the preservation of the records of their heroism and patriotism?

The necessary legislation was passed, a commission was created to carry the Legislative will into effect, and Dr. Owen was made its executive officer. Although he died within a year after the creation of the commission, I am sure that it can be said, without injustice to his associates, that it was largely his inspiration in the initial stages of project that enabled them to carry it to a successful conclusion.

Dr. Owen's death on March 25, 1920, would have been a far greater loss to both the Department of Archives and History and the Memorial Commission had there not been immediately available as his successor one who had been at his side from the very conception of his plans and was familiar with every step he had taken in their development. No other knew so well as she his hard struggles and sacrifices in the early days of small things, no other had been a more sympathetic counselor and guide in the days of the larger things, and no other understood more clearly his plans for the future. As his tasks fell from his hands, she was ready to take them up, and I am sure that you are all happy to join me today in paying tribute to the courage and skill with which she has guided them to their present triumphant success.

There is one other phase of Dr. Owen's work and character to which I must refer. He was the courageous pioneer who blazed the trail through the wilderness along which the rest of us have followed. No matter how hard his own problems pressed upon him, he was never too busy or too weary to reach out a helping hand to his younger and less experienced colleagues. I was one of those colleagues who was able to make headway through the archival wilderness only because he had been the trailblazer, and I hope you will pardon me if I inject a personal note into these remarks. In 1907, I became the first full-time, salaried secretary

of the recently established Historical Commission of North Carolina. Never was a less competent amateur called upon to do a professional's job. Fortunately, I had sense enough to realize my shortcomings and in search of guidance I jumped the first train that left Raleigh after my appointment and headed for Montgomery.

Though Dr. Owen had never seen me before, and must have considered me a nuisance, he greeted me with all the kindness of an older brother. I found him installed in his cramped quarters in the Capitol, literally lost to view behind great mountains of disorderly masses of documents, which had been piling up on him so rapidly and in such volume as would have discouraged a less determined man. As you can well imagine, there was little I could learn from this situation about archival organization, arrangement, classification, or cataloguing, nor did I have the slightest comprehension of what he was talking about when he discussed the principle of provenance, *respect des fonds*, and other archival mysteries. Nevertheless, my visit to him was one of the most profitable experiences of my life. It was not what he had done, nor what he said that dwells with me today; it was what he was. He was energy, he was enthusiasm, he was courage, he was vision, he was faith, he was inspiration, and when I reluctantly bade him goodbye I knew in my heart that some day he would build here in Montgomery one of the great archival institutions in our country. I count it a rare privilege, indeed, to be able to come back to Montgomery after 33 years to witness the realization of his dreams as we see them here today.

An eminent European scholar once observed, "The care which a nation devotes to the preservation of the monuments of its past may serve as a true measure of the degree of civilization to which it has attained." Chief among the monuments of a people's past are its work of art and its written records. They happen also to be the most perishable. Primitive people sometimes execute crude works of art, apparently to gratify their urge for self-expression, but with no thought of preserving them. Such people do not make records for the purpose of preserving information for the benefit of future generations. They are too much absorbed in the more urgent tasks of procuring food, shelter, clothing, security. It is only when their primitive needs are assured, when problems of private property and personal rights begin to emerge, when

release from physical labor leaves them time for leisure that people begin to make and preserve records. At first simple and crude because reflecting the life of a simple and crude society, such records increase in variety and complexity as the society itself becomes more highly developed. The character and volume of its records, therefore, reflect the culture of the society that creates them.

When we consider the foresight of the State of Alabama in creating her Department of Archives and History, her interest in collecting and making available for use the records of her past, and her generosity in providing this magnificent building for their preservation, may we not say that Alabama may be well content to point to them as the true measure of the degree of culture and civilization to which her people have attained?

ALABAMA BLACK BELT

By Renwick C. Kennedy

(Mr. Kennedy is already known to readers of *The Alabama Historical Quarterly* through his "The Poets on Fish Creek", a folk study appearing in the Spring issue of the magazine. Pastor of the Associate Reformed Presbyterian Church in Camden, Alabama, he is also a contributor to such leading American journals as *Christian Century*, *New Republic* and *Social Forces*.)

In Alabama "Black Belt" is a fair-spoken term. It has definite technical, political and social meanings.

Specifically it refers to a belt of twelve counties stretching across the state between Columbus, Georgia and Meridian, Mississippi. The honored counties are Macon, Montgomery, Lowndes, Autauga, Dallas, Wilcox, Perry, Hale, Greene, Sumter, Marengo and Pickens.

The Black Belt corresponds not merely to the right side of the track but to the old, exclusive best-family streets. It is not a matter for remark to be a native of the Wiregrass in southeast Alabama, or of Sand Mountain in northeast Alabama, or of the Tennessee Valley, or of the Birmingham district. These autochthons must stand upon their own feet and win respect by their own merit. But if you are from the Black Belt, well, it is like being from the Low Country in South Carolina, or Tidewater in Virginia, or the Blue Grass in Kentucky.

Virginians and South Carolinians are still proud of the states that gave them birth. They say in casual tones that hardly conceal their satisfaction, "I am from Virginia," or "I am from South Carolina." It carries weight. Southerners who know their South give them instant approval for having been born in either of those states. It is much more effective and gratifying than having been born in North Carolina or Georgia. The reason for this attitude is not difficult to find. Virginia and South Carolina are the two states in which pre-Confederate Southern aristocracy reached its zenith.

In Alabama the Black Belt counties achieved the most exalted aristocracy of any section of the state.

The origin of the term Black Belt is not clear. One school of opinion refers it to the large Negro population of the counties,

running in some cases to eighty per cent. Others refer it to the black soil of the area.

In any case, the original significance of the words has been lost. Today Black Belt in Alabama connotes primarily neither Negroes nor soil, but a way of living.

The men and women of the Old South had something the debunkers have not been able to destroy. Let it be granted that their intellectual culture was on the fustian side, that their physical conveniences were mediaeval, and that their economic underpinning rested directly upon Negro slavery. For good measure let still other indictments be granted.

Still, they had something, a way of life, a grace of living, an attitude of superiority, simple, natural and artless, that their descendants of the Twentieth Century covet with atavistic longing and seldom find. Perhaps the old, abused, ridiculous word—charm—still gets closest to it.

The pre-Confederate South produced the only landed gentry of significant numbers this country has had, though even in the South they were a minority. Basically feudal and European, Southern plantation life developed an aristocracy of immigrant stock that rapidly learned its way about as aristocracy and had by 1861 become in many individual cases the genuine thing. Fortunately the stock was on the whole good, much of it invested with first-class strains of blood and character, which to the gentleman and lady of the Old South were essentially the same thing.

The millions of people who read Margaret Mitchell's story of the liquidation of Georgia aristocracy in *Gone with the Wind*, experienced strange emotions: admiration for the South, sympathy for a despoiled people, contempt for certain types of the despoilers. But to this observer it appeared that one dominant emotion was an uneasy, wistful regret that such pleasant people and their pleasant way of life had vanished from the earth. They had something, something very good and very delightful that few people have anymore. They possessed their souls, those people of the Old South, and took their superiority over other men for granted. Not that they were offensive about it. Nor, perhaps, were they actually superior, certainly not all of them. Nonetheless they were an untitled nobility in the mediaeval South with slaves

to do their work, manor houses to maintain, chivalry to practise and a great tradition to live.

Let every Yankee criticism and renegade sneer at them be granted. Let even proletarian bitterness against them be granted. There still is something in the bombast of their speeches, the rustle of their crinoline and the spaciousness of their lives that makes hungry the bedeviled, mechanized people of present day America.

The type is nearly extinct but not entirely. In the Carolina Low Country, the Mississippi Delta, a few parishes in Louisiana, a few counties in Georgia, and in the Alabama Black Belt the strain still survives, somewhat tainted by the Twentieth Century but preserved well enough to be recognized.

Nowhere is it more authentically intact than in the Alabama Black Belt. Nowhere is it preserved in a larger single area than here. Yet of all the museum pieces of the Old South that remain none has received less publicity and none is less widely known.

There are two reasons for this. First, the Belt was not ravaged by the Confederate War in such spectacular manner as the Delta, Georgia and South Carolina. No major battles were fought upon its terrain, and as a matter of fact only a few minor skirmishes. Federal armies did not penetrate it until the War was in its last months. When they did the torch was not applied promiscuously. Thus, it is not so cluttered with purple history as some other areas of the South.

A second reason is no doubt that the Black Belt has never been made the scene of either a great or a popular novel. Nor has it produced a single writer of its own of real distinction.

So, unsung and unknown and relatively unexploited, it has gone its calm, quiet way, restoring much of its former grandeur at the top while the present century has steadily leached it away from the bottom.

Alabama was admitted to the Union in 1819. Forty-two years later when the War came the Black Belt had a civilization that was hardly inferior to that of South Carolina. It was an amazing thing, this transformation of a wilderness into a civilized community of high culture in forty-two years. What happened, however, was simple enough. The plantation culture of the seaboard

South was lifted bodily and transplanted to the canebrakes of the Black Belt. Slaves cleared the land and put it into cotton and built manor houses. Planters came with their families and relatives and slaves from the Carolinas, Virginia, Georgia, and some turned back eastward from Mississippi.

Frontier conditions disappeared rapidly. Poor whites flocking to the new state found the Black Belt inhospitable with its aristocrats and slaves. Even today the poor white sections of the state are in the rugged, less fertile country north of the Belt and in the less fertile coastal plain south of it.

From the beginning the Black Belt dominated the state, particularly its politics. It has produced governors and state officials and United States senators in numbers far out of proportion to its voting population, and it still does. Some of its counties with less than 2,000 votes are today represented in the State Legislature by one senator and two representatives, while in more populous sections of the state white counties are grouped in twos and threes to get one senator for the group and one representative for each county. Black Belt politicians are astute and to date have succeeded in defeating all reapportionment schemes, but it seems unlikely that they can go on forever playing with clogged dice. The clamor for reapportionment in northern counties and in the turbulent Birmingham district gets louder and more insistent at each Legislature. Some day the white counties are going to turn the proud Black Belt into a political backwater. That will not represent a gain for the State, for the hegemony of the Black Belt has probably been better than any other section could have provided.

This is true because the Belt has produced people of "quality". It has had an aristocracy, for the most part a benevolent, educated, paternalistic aristocracy, in the great tradition of the Old South.

An aristocracy has its faults, and always its ingrained prejudices, which are usually protective devices and which usually contain the seeds of its own destruction. It also has its merits. The aristocracy developed in the Old South had more good points than evil. Granted the Peculiar Institution of slavery, the Southern aristocrat probably handled it better than it has been handled anywhere in the world at any time. The writer does not wish to defend slavery, though it could be argued with some cogency that

Negro slaves were in many respects more fortunate than Negro tenants today. Still, slavery had to go. But upon the economic base of slavery, whatever may be said about it, the Southern aristocrat erected a distinctive way of life that for its dignity and grace has not been equalled by anyone else in this country.

In the year 1941, that way of living survives in the Alabama Black Belt. It is not intact. It is not untainted. It is not a facsimile. It rests not upon slave labor but upon tenant labor, which perhaps is only a change of terms. Yet it is fundamentally the same way of life, modified by time and circumstance, which would have modified even slavery had it continued.

Consider the Black Belt aristocrat of today. He is a gentleman, a scholar and a Christian in the Old South usage of those terms. Certainly he is a gentleman. Actually he is rarely a scholar and only formally a Christian. Fundamentally he is a land-owner dedicated to the theory that the Lord made the country for him to own and enjoy and someone else to work. His worker happens to be the Negro, but his theory would have been the same had the laborer been white.

A thousand-acre plantation in the Black Belt is a commonplace. There are some that run above ten thousand. Upon such land holdings there are a manor house, or perhaps two, and scores of tenant cabins. Cotton is still the major crop, though many owners are turning to cattle.

With the feudal background of an extensive acreage and a large retinue of laborers and their families one maintains ideas and practices that are not current in other communities of the nation.

The typical Black Belter is an intelligent and privileged person. He has graduated from some college, too often a provincial institution. He is not an intellectual. He is a conservative and an individualist. Yet he is a man of tolerance in matters that do not touch him too closely. He is opposed to work. He likes to hunt and fish, to play poker and bridge, to give parties and picnics and barbecues and dinners and to attend those of his neighbors, to loaf and to talk and to dance. He is inefficient and dilatory in his business and at the same time shrewd enough to trade you out of your pants. He follows the cult of chivalry and has a tendency to glorify his women. At the same time he is none too happy with

them, and is entirely capable of seducing his neighbor's wife. He is usually kind to his Negroes but keeps them in place with an iron hand. A Negro in his place as a servant has nothing to fear from him unless a little carelessness, conscious or unconscious, in bookkeeping. For a Negro out of his place, demanding civil liberties or other human rights not customarily granted, his answer is the lash or exile or death. Yet a Negro seldom receives from him the sheer brutality meted out by the poor white. As for the poor white himself, the Black Belter has only contempt. He prefers the Negro.

There are a few pre-Confederate palaces in the Black Belt, as magnificent as any in the South. There are a number of fine old houses, with great halls, enormous rooms, old furniture, and an ample retinue of servants. Living in them are men and women of the old tradition, people who are exquisite hosts, gifted conversationalists, spirited and sensitive human beings, distinctly outside the stream of United States culture.

Montgomery and Selma are their cities, and Mobile, though the latter is outside the Belt. But it is in the small towns that their culture is seen at its best, in Uniontown and Demopolis, Camden and Eutaw, Marion and Greensboro, Livingston and Hayneville. These little towns are different in a subtle, indefinable way. The pace of life in them is leisurely, but that is not the difference. Their people, one feels, know how to live. Not that they make a good living, for they do not. And not that they are happy. The community life is criss-crossed with ingrained hatreds and strange perversions of personal dislike. Many of the old and best families are definitely decadent, as well as financially exhausted. A fierce struggle for survival, for jobs, for emotional triumph over one's enemies is constantly waged. Yet one lives by a code of manners—it could hardly be called a code of morals—that is rarely breached. The darkest hatred and the fiercest contest must conform to the suavities of the ancient code of the Southern Gentleman. So it is that bitter dislikes and poignant forbidden loves rub elbows daily on the streets and in the social contacts of the little Black Belt towns in the general guise of perfect manners and good taste. It is a matter of front, or of form. The code is seldom violated. When it is, the expression it takes may be murder, for the Black Belter will kill you. However he seldom does for he seldom violates his code, which calls for

bitter, unspoken, unexplained, silken hatred, not for violence. It is the "poor buckra" who says what they feel and commit violence.

His friendships are equally vivid and unreasoning. A friend is always right, even though unaccountably he be a liberal, or a sheer freak. For unmitigated loyalty nothing surpasses a Black Belt friendship. That, too, is a part of the code.

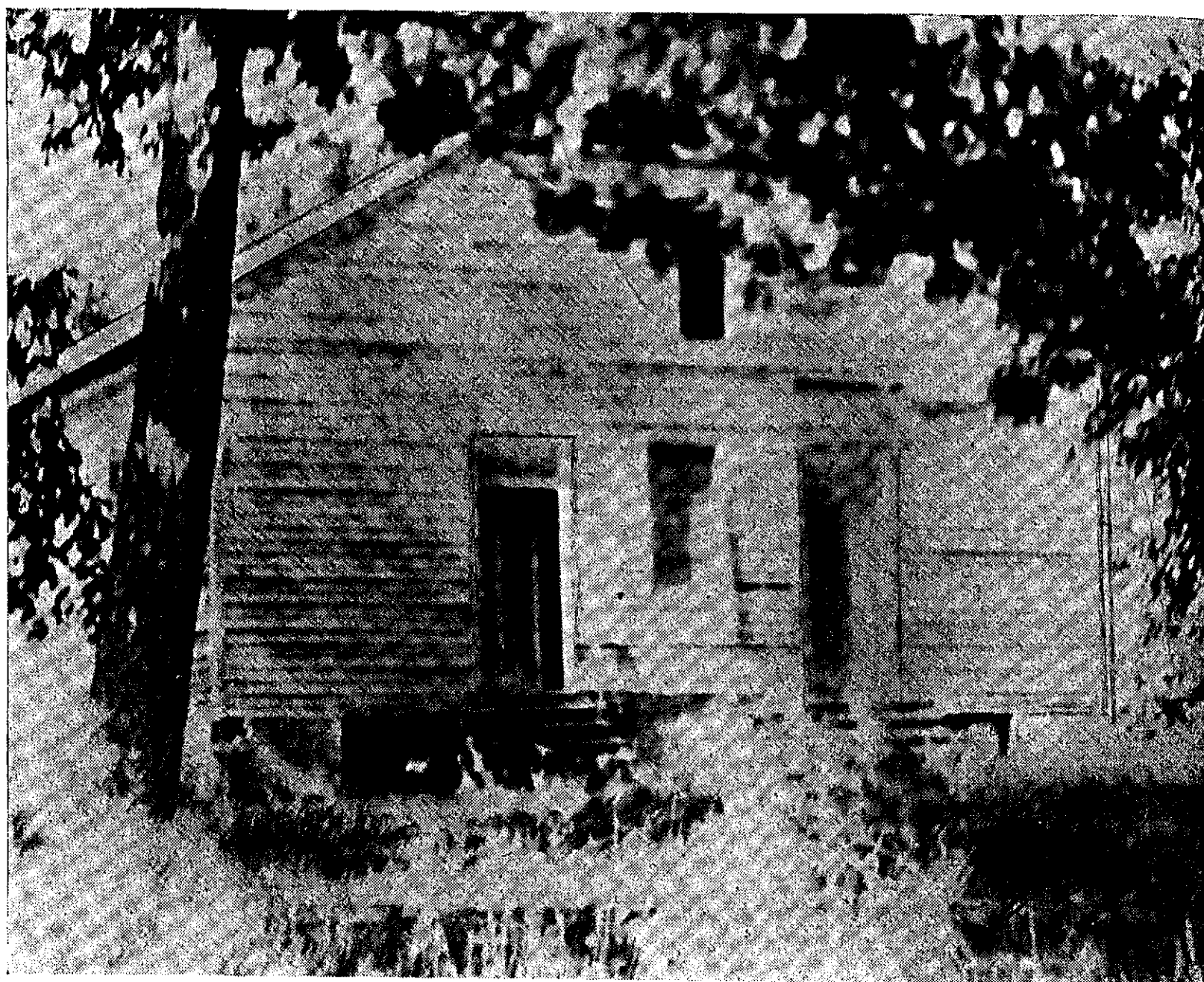
The Black Belter takes life in an easy stride. Let it be said again that he has little traffic with work. He knows and eats good food. He wears good clothes. He reads a little and talks beautifully. He has good manners and good taste. He has made a fine art of doing nothing. He likes whiskey, prefers good whiskey, and is expected to take more of it than other men. His habits of thought are complex and indirect, and are compounded too much with his prejudices. He is sensitive, too sensitive, taking offense where you least expect it. His ritualistic religion does not interfere with his life very much, though he maintains a devout attitude about it. He likes his women to be beautiful but at least feminine and non-intellectual. He is uncomfortable without a Negro servant behind his chair or within call. He is either arrogant or timid in the face of the post-war decades of the Twentieth Century, in either case on the defensive. He does not understand or like the present day. He is about broke. His way of life rested upon cotton as its economic support and cotton has betrayed him. He can no longer make money with cotton. He is bewildered. The poor whites and other outsiders, even Yankees, are invading his counties and towns. He is about defeated and will disappear from the world. He knows it but refuses to admit it. Even his children are not going to be like him.

He is an anachronism and perhaps it is just as well that he must go. Yet it is a pity, too. It is an unhappy thing. For the Black Belt gentleman and his lady are delightful people. They are people of quality. They live with a quiet detachment. They come nearer to making a fine art of living than anyone in the United States save their own kind in other parts of the South. They are a fine breed. They have something ordinary mortals do not have. It was in their breeding and training. But there is not much place for them. They cannot survive in a totalitarian, collectivist, proletarian world. They are doomed. Their going will not make the world any better.

Those who know and love them are sorry to see them go.

They have always been people of quality. They had it.

There are still a few of them left in the Black Belt of Alabama. But not for long.



BIG CREEK BAPTIST CHURCH

Organized January 10, 1829

Building Erected 1939

BIG CREEK BAPTIST CHURCH

Oldest in Pickens County

By Marion Johnson

(This article by Marion Johnson, of Carrollton, Ala., is one of a series of articles about old churches in the state that will be carried in the following issues of the *Alabama Historical Quarterly*. January, 1941 marked the 112th anniversary of the founding of the Big Creek Baptist Church, the oldest church in Pickens County. The present building was completed in August, 102 years ago and is the oldest church building of any denomination in that county.)

The First Baptist church to be organized in Pickens County was in 1823 at the Garden, and it was called *Enon*. This organization was later moved to Aliceville, where it has been in continuous operation and will soon be housed in the finest and most commodious building in this part of the state. The second organization was at Yorkville, now Ethelsville, the church at that place having been organized by Elder Jacob Crocker in 1824. It has long since ceased to exist.

On January 10, 1829, the third church was organized at Big Creek. There were fourteen members in the original organization and they chose the Reverend Charles Stewart as their pastor. He labored there until his death in 1856. The first deacons were Notley Gore and Dempsey White.

One can spend an interesting hour in looking over the minutes of the congregation, which are now in the possession of the Moderator of the Union Baptist Association, the Honorable M. B. Curry, of Carrollton. This is not the original volume, for in 1843 the minutes to that time were copied in the present book and it is that volume that has come down to Mr. Curry. It is well preserved and the clerks of the congregation were with few exceptions excellent scribes. The writing is clear and distinct and easily read.

In the second month after its organization the membership of the church had been increased to twenty, one a "Black woman, Melly." That entry led to a close inspection of other similar entries in the book, for the question immediately presented itself: What was the attitude of slaveholders toward the spiritual development of their slaves?

Entry after entry indicates that there was no neglect in this regard. The blacks (for that was the term used in referring to slaves) were given every opportunity to attach themselves to the church. An entry in August, 1839, relates that a committee had been appointed "to examine the preaching talents of a black brother, Peter, and to report to the church." As a result of the investigation Peter was "permitted to exercise in singing, prayer and exhortation among the colored people so far as the law tolerates." In another ten years the minutes disclose that there were thirty-four black members of the Big Creek Baptist Church out of a total membership of one hundred sixty-four. In 1848 it was agreed that the church build an addition to accommodate the "black population." Another entry is to the effect that "the church permit the blacks to hold meetings in this church when it does not interfere with other appointments." And again: "The church respectfully requests the gentlemen of the neighborhood to attend the meetings of the blacks as often as convenient." All in all the minutes of this congregation throw a most interesting aide light on the race relations as they existed "before the war."

Peace and harmony did not always prevail among the congregation, however. On church days the grievances of the membership were aired. Saturday before the regular preaching day in each month was the time when church conferences were held. On one occasion after the investigation of a claim of \$35, brought by one brother against another, a charge of usury was made. The trial was held openly with the membership of the church constituting the jury. In most cases the verdict required the recalcitrant member of the church to present himself before the congregation, confess his fault and make amends. If one absented himself too frequently from church services an order was entered requiring the erring one to attend the next meeting of the congregation and "show cause." Church membership in that day carried with it heavy responsibilities as to conduct. Trials for profanity, dancing, card playing and intoxication were not infrequent. In most cases the guilty one got off by standing before the congregation, acknowledging his fault and asking for forgiveness; but the minutes reveal a number of cases where a member was "turned out because of failure to answer a summons or for a repeated violation of the church rules."

These early members of the Big Creek Church constituted some of the wealthiest and most influential people of the county, many of whose descendants still reside here. It was from this church that Mrs. Candace Bostick, the grandmother of Judge J. J. Willett, of Anniston, and of Mrs. Bessie Willett Elmore, of Demopolis, came with Mrs. Caroline Sherrod and Matthew Lyon and others, to organize the Baptist Church in Carrollton in 1846. From the congregation of Big Creek church sprung many other churches now in existence in Pickens County.

While many value Big Creek Church because of the blood ties that connect them with some one on the long roll of those who have constituted the membership of that church, yet it has a historical value and importance for other reasons. According to the best authorities it was on the spot where the sacred old edifice now stands that there occurred the severance in the congregation which resulted in the organization of the Primitive Baptist Church, leaving the Missionary division to carry on in the old meeting house. This noteworthy fact gives to this simple and unpretentious House of God a claim to fame and should render it an object of solicitude and interest as long as the denomination survives. It was in 1837 that this severance of the church occurred. The anti-missionary spirit, which had been manifest for several years, reached a climax in that year when the Union Baptist Association met at Big Creek church. On this occasion two groups of delegates from Friendship, in Greene County, presented credentials. One group favored non-fellowship with all missionary enterprises, while the other group adhered to the policy of missionary extension. It was agreed that a vote of the Association as a whole be taken to determine which group should be recognized. The Reverend Henry Petty was Moderator of the Association and upon taking the vote he announced a tie—twenty-six votes having been cast by the anti-missionary element and the same number by the missionary adherents. Some insisted that the vote had been miscounted and that the missionary element had a majority of one. This being Saturday it was agreed that the matter should go over until the following Monday. After much discussion on Monday and apparently no vote upon the merits of the case being in sight, a motion was made and seconded that the Moderator be removed from the chair. Without putting the motion, Mr. Petty arose and called upon his friends to follow him from the church. Upon leaving the building he was followed by twenty-five dele-

gates. They formed themselves into a separate Association and thus was born in Pickens County that branch of the Baptist faith known as Hardshells or Primitives. This church grew to be a strong influence in the county and numbered many good and influential men among its membership.

Big Creek ceased to exist as an organized church in 1931. The church building remains, cared for by a few whose ties of family bind them to the spot. It sits just off the Carrollton and Pickensville road and daily many pass who do not know of its existence. Close by is the burying ground where for generations families of the community have placed their sainted dead. Like an aged patriarch the old church house sits in the sun, forgotten by many, revered by a few, brooding upon the memories of other days.

ALABAMA HISTORY IN BRIDGES

No. 4

FITZPATRICK BRIDGE

By Marie Bankhead Owen

Following the practice of many years another beautiful Alabama bridge has been named for a distinguished former citizen of the state. On the morning of December 10, 1940, a long bridge towering above and across the Tallapoosa River, at Tallassee, the Benjamin Fitzpatrick, was dedicated with elaborate ceremonies. Governor Frank M. Dixon designated the name and a descendant of Governor Fitzpatrick formally christened the bridge with water from a spring from which Governor Fitzpatrick had often drunk. The exercises were preceded by an historical pageant under direction of Mrs. T. H. Floyd and entitled "Tallassee on the March". The scenes portrayed in the pageant as the actors marched across the long bridge from Tallassee to East Tallassee where the speaker's stand had been erected for the review, represented characters and scenes in the history of the town and the section. The episode represented began with the invasion of the first white race under DeSoto in 1540 and ended with scenes connected with the present industrial life of Tallassee. A number of bands were present and gave life and interest to the scenes. Bronze tablets on each end of the bridge bore the words "Benjamin Fitzpatrick Bridge. Dedicated to the memory of Benjamin Fitzpatrick; Governor of Alabama, 1841-1845; U. S. Senator, 1848-1861. Bridge built by Elmore and Tallapoosa Counties, the State of Alabama and the Federal Government, 1940."

The Fitzpatrick Bridge, more than 1700 feet in length, the floor being 26 feet wide with four foot walkways on either side, and supported by 12 reinforced concrete piers, varies in width from 40 to 120 feet, conforming with the topography of the area. It is built in a curve and is said by authorities to be the only one of its type in the world. The girders, deck trusses, spans and floor are of steel and reinforced concrete. The bridge forms one of the most important links of State Highway 14, extending from east to west.

The Fitzpatrick Bridge was constructed under the direction and supervision of State Highway Director Chris J. Sherlock and T. P. Trotter, Highway Department Bridge Engineer.

Benjamin Fitzpatrick

Benjamin Fitzpatrick was the ninth Governor of Alabama and was for a number of years a United States Senator from this state. He was born in 1802 in Georgia and died at Wetumpka in 1869. Although born in Georgia, Governor Fitzpatrick was of parentage that had moved from Virginia to the former state immediately following the end of the war of the American Revolution. The older Fitzpatrick served with such distinction in that war that he was presented with a sword for service rendered at Savannah where he was wounded. His newly adopted state elected him to the Legislature where he served for nineteen consecutive years. On the maternal side Governor Fitzpatrick was descended from the Phillips family. The Fitzpatrick ancestry, however, was of Irish origin which located in Virginia as early as 1720. Among Governor Fitzpatrick's other ancestors were the Woodsons and Napiers of Virginia, the latter family being of French Huguenot descent.

The future Governor of Alabama was left an orphan at the age of seven and was reared by an older sister. He came to Alabama in 1816 at that time only fourteen years of age, having been sent into the Indian country to manage the interests of his brothers who had acquired land on the banks of the Alabama River north of Montgomery. While he was still very young he served as a Deputy Sheriff in Elmore County which at the time was a part of Autauga. In addition to supervising the farming interests of the family, young Benjamin became a clerk in a trading house on the present site of Wetumpka. He read law in Montgomery and was admitted to the bar at that place and formed a professional partnership with Henry Goldthwaite who became one of the most distinguished lawyers of the early period of the state.

Just as Alabama became a state, young Fitzpatrick was elected Solicitor of Montgomery County, a position he held for several terms but the lure of the land drew him back to the Fitzpatrick plantation where he conducted his agricultural activities. In those early times most of the politicians of the state were also planters and in 1839 Fitzpatrick was placed at the head of the Democratic

ticket for the State-at-large to canvass the interests of Van Buren for President. He made such a good impression upon the electorate through his public addresses and appearances that in 1841 he was elected Governor of Alabama and re-elected two years later for a second term.

The most important event of Governor Fitzpatrick's administration was the overthrow of the greatly abused state banking system. The operations of these banks had made the state liable for their indebtedness which brought it on the brink of financial ruin. Governor Fitzpatrick appointed a commission to adjust the affairs of the banks which ably fulfilled its trust.

In 1848 Governor Fitzpatrick was chosen by the incumbent Governor, Reuben Chapman to fulfill a vacancy in the United States Senate caused by the death of Senator Dixon Hall Lewis and again in 1853, appointed to the Senate by Governor Henry W. Collier to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Senator William Rufus King, who was elected Vice-President of the United States on the ticket with Franklin D. Pierce. In 1855 Senator Fitzpatrick was re-elected by the Legislature of the State which held that power under the Constitution of that period and served a full term. Upon his arrival in Washington, Fitzpatrick was chosen President pro-tem of the United States Senate in the absence of the Vice-President and served in that capacity from 1857 to 1860. At that time the Democratic Party was in the throws of dissention and held two Conventions. In one of these Conventions, the one held in Baltimore, Benjamin Fitzpatrick was nominated the Democratic candidate for Vice-President of the United States and declined the nomination, realizing that national sentiment was in such a state of mind that the secession of Alabama along with other Southern States was imminent. When his state seceded from the Union in 1861 Senator Fitzpatrick returned home. At the close of the war he was selected to represent his county in the Constitutional Convention of 1865 and was unanimously elected President of that body. That was the last official position held by him as he along with all Confederate leaders was disfranchised shortly afterward. Once more he retired and once more he returned to his plantation near Wetumpka where he died on November 25, 1868.

Governor Fitzpatrick was twice married, in 1827 to Sarah Terry Elmore, daughter of General John Archer Elmore, whose beautiful country home, "Huntingdon" still remains in the family in a beautiful state of restoration. His second marriage which took place in 1846 was to Aurelia Rachel Balssingame, of Marion, Alabama. Six children were born of the first marriage and two of the second marriage.

Governor Fitzpatrick is buried in Oakwood Cemetery, in Montgomery.

ORIGINAL ANECDOTES ABOUT NAPOLEON BONAPARTE

From Mobile Commercial Register, 1831

(The Alabama State Department of Archives and History has in its collections many thousands of bound volumes of old Alabama newspapers. Articles of especial historical interest are copied from these old volumes and filed in their proper places. The copy of the old Mobile Commercial Register in which the anecdotes concerning the Emperor Napoleon appear, is of particular interest at this time in view of the fact that one of the museum rooms in the World War Memorial Building is dedicated to the state's French contacts. Mr. Thomas W. Martin, President of the Alabama Power Company, has presented to the Department of Archives and History a series of handpainted pictures covering four walls of the room, representing scenes connected with the settlement of Demopolis by the "Vine and Olive Colony" which was set up in Alabama in 1818, following the fall of Napoleon Bonaparte. Among those colonists was Colonel Nicholas Raoul who is quoted in the interview, a part of which is reproduced herewith. The second installment of this interview will appear in the Winter issue of the *Alabama Historical Quarterly*.)

From the Journal of an Officer,—Italy, 1815

The Secretary to Louis Napoleon and preceptor to his son, is Colonel Raoul, one who was among the most faithful of Napoleon's adherents, who accompanied him to the island of Elba, and afterwards attended him in his expedition to Paris. He speaks of Napoleon without prejudice, and has given me some striking details of him.

"He has ruined us—he has destroyed France and himself;—yet I love him still; it is impossible to be near him and not to love him. He has so much majesty of manner. He bewitches all minds; approach him with a thousand prejudices, and you quit him filled with admiration, but then, his mad ambition! his ruinous infatuation! his obstinacy without bounds! Besides, he was wont to set every thing upon a cast—his game was all-or nothing! Even the battle of Waterloo might have been retrieved, had he not charged with the Guard—This was the reserve of his army, and should have been employed in covering his retreat instead of attacking, but, with him whenever matters looked desperate, he resembled a mad dog. He harangues the Guard—He puts himself at its head—it debouches rapidly—it rushes upon the enemy. We are mowed down by the grape—we waver—we turn our backs and the rout is complete. A general disorganization of the army ensues, and Napoleon, returned to himself, is cold as a stone.

The last time I saw him was in returning from the charge, when all was lost. My thigh had been broken by a musket shot in advancing, and I remained in the rear, extended on the ground. Napoleon passed close to me; his nose was buried in his snuff-box, and his bridle fell loosely on the neck of his horse, which was pacing leisurely along. A Scotch regiment was advancing at the charge in the distance. The Emperor was almost alone. Lallemande only was with him. The latter still exclaimed, "All is not lost,—All is not lost—rally, Soldiers! rally!" *The Emperor replied not a word.* Lallemande recognized me in passing. "What ails you, Raoul?"

"My thigh is shattered by a musket ball."

"Poor Devil, how I pity you! how I pity you! Adieu-adieu!"

The Emperor uttered not a word!

It must be confessed, this is a very striking sketch; I believe they are nearly his words. "Were you with him," said I, "when he first encountered the King's troops that were sent against him on his landing in France?"¹

"I commanded the artillery on that occasion. He sent me first of all forward to feel the pulse of two battalions *qui nous parroient le chemin.*"

"I was close to General Cambron when he (Napoleon) spoke to me. He gave me his orders with surprising majesty. His whole countenance was lit up by the fire of his eye.

"Go", said he, "You shall be my only advance guard of my finest campaign. Tell them that I am recalled by the wish of the nation; but that I am unwilling to reign at the expense of a single musket-shot. Tell them that if resolved to oppose me, my blood alone should flow. I come to them, I come alone, and with arms supported they may fire upon me—but let them recollect that they will have to answer for it to France and the whole world."

"I advance." "Who comes there?" "France"—"But what France?"—"France" I repeat, "I suppose there are not two." The commanding officer advances—I perceive at once that he is bewildered—he knows not what course to take. The soldiers surround us from every side; murmurs are heard, which finally break out into cries of: "Long live the Emperor".

¹ From Elba.

"The Emperor is with us in a moment, hat in hand. He inquires for old soldiers. He asks if there are any who have made the campaign of Egypt and Italy with him. He takes a grenadier by the moustache—"How now, old mustache, what is this thou hast got in thy cap? Dost thou not recognise thy old cockade? (showing his own hat) Dost thou not know there is but one cockade for France—the cockade of victory the tri-colour?" "In an instant the grenadier tears out the white cockade, throws it down, and tramples upon it—all follow his example. The cry of "*Long live the Emperor!*" resounds from every side, and the triumph of Napoleon is complete". In private conversation; Napoleon exhibited an unbending familiarity of manner to all around him. On duty he was severe, and when affairs went wrong, he growled like a mad dog. He was a man who learned nothing from adversity, which only served to irritate him—besides he was a despot, rather by policy than nature; he had too much contempt for mankind to oppress them, but when his interests demanded it, he oppressed them without remorse. In private he was extremely amiable—but he always maintained an unbending majesty; and sometimes his ardent temperament exploded in sallies of fury."

I asked if Napoleon passed with those who knew him for superstitions. He said Napoleon affected to be above omens, but there was no doubt that he was very much under their influence, although his pride and ambition made him often disdain them. "One thing is certain," said he, "He often spoke of his star. It is seen engraved on all portraits of him, and it is well known that he consulted astrologers".

He told me a long story about "*un homme rouge*" (from the color of his dress) whom Napoleon first knew in Egypt, and who subsequently visited him in Paris, and who was supposed to be particularly addicted to these arts.

"I was at Paris," continued Colonel Raoul, "at the time this man was admitted repeatedly to the Emperor's presence at the Tuilleries. He conversed with him always alone; whether he did these things (which is very possible) to deceive others, or whether he was deluded by them himself I do not pretend to determine. I only state the fact. "The King, Louis Bonaparte" added he, "has told me that these audiences produced always an agitating effect upon the Emperor, and that on one occasion in particular, *l'homme rouge* had been heard to exclaim, on quitting his apartment—

"Remember that I have no farther power to remember that your war is changed—remember that your lease is expired." One is tempted to smile at these things, but it must be confessed they are extraordinary at least, when supported by such high authority.

"I was at Fontainebleau with the Emperor, at the time of his first abdication, and commanded the artillery of the guard. He had resolved to march upon Paris with the corps that remained to him, amounting to little more than 40,000 men, and already harassed to death. The Marshals demurred; they were tired out as well as the soldiery, and resolved to make the best terms with the enemy. His abdication was decided on, and he submitted. The next day, he was seen walking in the gallery at Fontainebleau, as if nothing had happened; dressed perfectly as usual *en Colonel de la garde avec ses trois croix, (de la Legion d'Honneur, de la Reunion et de la Couronne de Fer.)* He conversed familiarly with every body, and every body surrounded him with a feeling of increased respect." He approached me. "How," said he, your gunners (who were from the lower Rhine) desert?" "Some, Sire!" I replied.

"But they do very wrong. Tell them I am no longer France. Tell them they still owe her their allegiance."

It was thus this extraordinary man contended with fortune and vanquished her, even after his fall.

I asked Colonel Raoul how the two brothers stood affected to each other? he said, circumstances he could not enter upon had divided them, but Louis is full of kindness and domestic feeling. Napoleon, on the contrary, is a man of bronze. He has nothing in common with the world—he lives but for himself. He acknowledges neither the ties of kindred nor of friendship. While he was at Elba, Louis, who is the most amiable man in the world, wrote to him to say, "that if it would afford pleasure, he would come with his children to keep him company in his exile." Napoleon replied in the most haughty tone imaginable, "That he had done without him in his prosperity and could dispense with him in his adversity."

At the Island of Elba, Colonel Raoul tells me he was for some time an uncommon favorite with the Emperor, who appointed him his standing Aid-de-camp, and scarcely ever quitted the house without him. "I attended him in all his rides and walks, and

played cards with him every evening. Sometimes he gave me five or six little cuffs a day, the greatest proof of his friendship. He always called me "Raoul", and every body said that I was the spoiled child of the family. This was not, however, of very long duration, and perhaps it was in some degree my own fault that it was not. The emperor after his arrival in the Isle of Elba, became penurious to a degree, and seemed to have formed the idea that every body about him had a design upon his purse. The truth is, his mind was engaged at this moment upon the great design of his return, and money was most essential to his success.

"As commandant of the artillery, I had charge also at this time of the engineer department; I received one day orders to make out an estimate for the construction of a *Salle d' Assemblée* to be attached to the palace; I made it out with the strictest regard to economy and fixed the amount at 2000 francs. The Emperor struck off 500, and insisted that I should build it for the remainder. I declared this was impossible, the Emperor insisted, I replied, the Emperor got angry, I defended myself, the Emperor lost his patience, and was at last ungenerous enough to accuse me of wishing to make a profit of it myself. I told him I had not deserved such treatment at his hands. He instantly burst into a furious passion.

"'Be silent,' said he, 'I forbid you to reply. You are like all undertakers, you make war with your superiors, and then capitulate.' "No sire," I replied, "I don't capitulate. At least if I must capitulate with your Majesty, I shall surrender with honor." I instantly quitted him, and immediately sent him my resignation, offering at the same time to serve as grenadier of his guard, but that I could no longer bear his commission, since he had disgraced me. The Emperor was touched. He sent the Grand Marshall (Bertrand) to me with the assurance that he had never meant to wound my honor, and with orders to continue my duties at the palace. The next day the Emperor received me with kindness, but with reserve. He beckoned me to follow him into his cabinet. I obeyed; we were alone; then with a look and tone full of kindness (while he played with my rosette,) "Go, my friend," said he, "spend what you please;" and then drawing himself up, he added in a loud and somewhat severe voice, "but act, act so that I may not be wrong."

However I saw him seldom after this incident, and although he continued to treat me with kindness, he no longer favoured me with little cuffs, nor ever called me by my name—it was: ‘Mr. the Commandant of the Engineers.’ Never-the-less, there were moments in the sequel when he seemed to remember the past. For instance, when we landed in France, he sent me one of his own horses to ride. He kept me constantly near him on the march and employed me once or twice in a very flattering manner, especially when he sent me to take Lyons with a corporal and two huzzars; and when he last spoke to me on the field of battle at Waterloo, where I had the artillery of the guard (it was at the moment of the charge) he cried in passing me at full gallop, “Raoul, support my cavalry”. These are the last words he ever addressed to me and they are engraved on my heart.”

There is something very touching in all this, and I defy any one to listen to it without being affected. I have seen a great deal of Colonel Raoul, and have been much pleased with his conversation. There is a frankness and manliness of manner about him, added to a freedom from common place prejudices, and an enthusiasm in his profession, which is very gratifying to meet with. He is quite a soldier in character and appearance. Judging from the anecdotes I have detailed, he may appear an egotist, but he is any thing but this. It is I that have compelled him to these details by the eagerness of my inquiries, and when he has once entered upon them, it is delightful to mark the spirit with which he pursues them. They seem to relieve his mind. At other times he is silent and melancholy; for he has sacrificed everything to his attachment to this family, and seems to mourn over their downfall more than the distracted state of his country.

He evidently builds his hopes upon another dynasty, and a limited construction. He does not hate the Bourbons; he despises them, and considers the whole of their proceedings as calculated to restore the reign of priests and bring back the age of darkness. Of the King he speaks personally with the greatest respect. “Observe those who surround him; Monsier is an incapable; the Duc d’Angouleme is a priest; the Duc d’Berri is hair-brained; and all have some vengeance to gratify; nothing but vengeance! My God, where is this to end?”

There is scarcely a subject connected with times past on which I have not communicated freely with him. He detests the

despotism of Napoleon as much as we do; and his ideas of the demoralization of public principles are as liberal as they are just. "I doubt" said he, "if the French deserve liberty. Look, for example, at the conduct of the infamous senate by which Napoleon was surrounded. There was not a single man amongst them who dared to speak the truth to him or utter anything but the most base and disgusting flattery. It is the French senate which has to answer for the evils which have happened. It is the French senate which has taught Napoleon to despise mankind, and to believe that they are fit to be slaves. In the reign of Tiberius, we find instances of senators who spoke the truth, fearless of the death which they suffered. But Napoleon was not Tiberius; still less were the French Romans."

Among other anecdotes of the Emperor, Colonel Raoul told me that sometime before his quitting Elba, he became particularly silent and solitary. He showed himself rarely to the garrison, and admitted the officers no longer to that familiarity at his levees that he used to do."

"The officers were hurt at this, and as Colonel Raoul was in high favour at this time, he was requested to present their complaints to the Emperor. He did this as respectfully as possible, but the Emperor burst out immediately: "Do you fancy I have raised my self by flattering men? I have never flattered men; I have never flattered the soldier, still less the officer. Less than ever shall I flatter them now that I am unfortunate. Tell them, that if they wish to quit me, they shall have permission tomorrow."

"As they stood over to the coast of France, the Emperor was in good spirits. The dye was cast, and he seemed to be quite himself again. He sat upon the deck and amused the officers collected around him with a little history of his campaigns, particularly those of Italy and Egypt. When he had finished, he observed the deck to be encumbered with several large chests belonging to him. He asked the *Maitre d'hotel* what they contained. Upon being told they were filled with wine, he ordered them to be immediately broken open. "*En distant, nous partageons le butin.*" The Emperor superintended the distribution himself, and presented bottle by bottle to his comrades till tired of this occupation. He called out to Bertrand, Grand marshal; "pray assist me. Let us serve these

gentlemen—" adding with emphasis—"they will serve us one day!" It was with this species of *bonhommie* that he captivated, when he chose, all around him. The following day he was employed in various arrangements, and among others, in dictating to Colonel Raoul the proclamation to be issued on his landing. In one of these, after observing "*Il faut oublier que nous avons. donne la loi aux nations voisines . . .*" Napoleon stopped. "*Qu'est-ce que j'ai dit.*" Colonel Raoul read the passage. "Halte!" said Napoleon, "*Effaces voisines, dites toujours aux nations!*" It was thus his pride blazed out on every trifling occasion, and his ambition seemed to re-kindle at the very recollections of his former greatness. The world could have no hope with such a man."

I asked Colonel Raoul if he was serious in saying he had been sent against Lyons with a file of men? "Perfectly, I assure you," said he; "not with the vain idea, as you may imagine, of reducing Lyons (where Marshal Macdonald commanded) with a couple of huzzars, but simply with a view of winning the garrison over to our interests by a direct communication from the Emperor." "And how was all this effected?" said I. "By presenting myself at the barrier, and crying, '*Vive le Emperor!*'" "The whole garrison rushed into my arms; Marshal Macdonald, after exerting himself to stop the defection, deemed it prudent to withdraw, and myself and my huzzars were carried through the city in triumph. Every body was mad with joy.—They kissed my hands—my boots, my equipment, and you would have thought I was rather an angel descended from heaven than a simple soldier returned from exile."

I shall close this account by observing, that I do not entertain a doubt of the truth of these different anecdotes. Independent of the internal evidence they possess, the manner, with which they were related, and the character of the man who related them, remove every suspicion from my mind. I never met a Frenchman so exempt from prejudice and gasconade as Colonel Raoul, or so ready to speak philosophically of the errors committed by the Emperor and his Countrymen. He said to me one day, when I inveighed against the extreme licentiousness of the French army, "You are perfectly right, my friend. The mischief, however great which we have done to the world, is nothing in comparison with that which we have done to the morals. After all, however, we have become *les Dindons*. Of the farce, and on this account, we have I confess, deserved it." Some opinion may be formed of the charac-

ter of Colonel Raoul, when I add, that previous to our parting, I asked him frankly if it were true that Napoleon had murdered his prisoners at Jaffa?

"Alas! I fear it is too true, although I was not there". "And the Duke d'Enghein?" "It is a spot that will stain his character forever"; "Is it possible, then, my dear Colonel," said I, "that you esteem such a man?" "Pardon me", replied he, "I don't esteem—I admire him. I admire the greatness to which he has elevated my nation, and for his marked kindness towards myself—I am not ashamed to confess that I still love him. I served fourteen years in his guard; I made the campaigns of Austria and of Russia with him; I accompanied him to Elba; and had I not been wounded and taken prisoner at Waterloo, I should have also followed him to St. Helena. I have sacrificed everything for him, and my attachment to him has grown with the extent of my sacrifices. Now that all is lost, my only pleasure is to watch over a scion of his race, (Louis) since they would not permit me to attend his son, and to predict for France a future less distinguished by glory, but more favourable to liberty."

It will be remembered that these anecdotes were related to the writer fifteen years ago. They are the overflowings of a broken but enthusiastic spirit, which no adversity could entirely subdue, and which blazed out to the last, in loyalty to France and her master, what though the conqueror of her hundred battles was at this period a captive and an exile, what, though every chance of restoration and escape was at an end, the humble partaker of his toils and companion of his victories vindicates in these anecdotes Napoleon's supremacy in war, as well as in misfortune; and leaves behind moreover an example in his own devotedness, which is the best guarantee to all existing governments of the unpurchased and unpurchasable fidelity of a liberal minded and enlightened soldier.

Colonel Raoul left Italy for America and after the reporter of these anecdotes parted with him, in 1815, although he promised to correspond, no line has ever found its way to England; and the individual who admired his character and sympathizes in his misfortunes, is ignorant at this moment if he is still in existence, or if his career has been closed in proscription and in exile in a foreign land. A prophetic feeling of regret leads the writer to

apprehend the latter; but should it be otherwise, should these pages ever meet his eye, and the regenerated prospects opening to his country induce his return to that France which he mourned with such regret and served with such devotion he will at least learn with satisfaction that the English officers know how to appreciate his character and estimate his fidelity; and that the writer of these lines, who has never ceased to lament the interruption of their mutual intercourse will be the first to welcome him with an expression of affectionate attachment.

(To be concluded in Winter issue of the Quarterly.)

SURVIVORS CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION, 1901

By Judge Walter Burgwyn Jones

(The last Constitutional Convention of Alabama was held in Montgomery, in 1901. Four years ago the survivors organized themselves into an association, of which Frank N. Julian, Montgomery, is Secretary, having also been Secretary of the Convention itself. The Legislature of 1939 made an appropriation to print in book form the Proceedings of the Convention as appeared in the Montgomery Advertiser during the sittings of the Convention. The following address was read by Judge Jones to the Survivors meeting held in Montgomery on October 30, 1940.)

It is a source of deep regret to our distinguished Governor, the Honorable Frank M. Dixon, that grave and pressing affairs of State make it impossible for him to be with you this morning when you meet in your fourth reunion. The Governor has given me the happy privilege, and done me the great honor, of representing him here today, and as the Governor's representative I bring you a cordial welcome to Alabama's capital and the kindly greetings of the Chief Executive of the State, and through Governor Dixon the greetings of the grateful people of Alabama to you, the surviving members of the Constitutional Convention of 1901. It is the Governor's hope that your sessions will be pleasant, and that you will find both happiness and satisfaction in renewing the warm friendships of the summer of 1901, when you toiled through the long summer days for the peace and prosperity of our people.

It is commendable for you to hold these reunions, and to gather together yearly to keep alive the firm friendships which you made and cemented in the historic days of 1901. Divine mercy and goodness have spared you surviving delegates and officers of that convention and permitted you to again clasp the friendly hands of those who worked with you, and to look once more into the faces that you have loved through all the long years which have passed since that momentous day in May, now 39 years ago, when you first met to discharge the weighty duty placed in your hands by the people of Alabama. It is sweet, too, that as you meet here this morning you recall with tender love those of your fellow members who are with you only in the spirit.

The vast majority of those who labored with you in Alabama's old Capitol during that never-to-be-forgotten summer of 1901 have

now passed from among the living. They have felt Death, the Consoler, lay His healing hand upon their tired hearts, to forever still the life beats. A kindly voice has beckoned them to that land where there is the Light that grows not dim, the Love that fails not, and the Peace which passeth all human understanding. As you meet here today, you do not forget them: they live in your hearts and surely to live in the hearts of those we love is not death. "Absent or dead, still let a friend be dear, a sign the absent claims, the dead a tear."

Conditions in Alabama Leading up to the Constitutional Convention

Let us consider for a few minutes some of the conditions that necessitated the calling of the Constitutional Convention.

The urgent task of that representative body of the people was to establish white supremacy in the State within the limits imposed by the United States Constitution.

One of the worst results that followed the War for Southern Independence, so gallantly waged by the people of the South during the four long years of the sixties, was the giving of the ballot by Federal bayonets, chicanery, and amendments to the Federal Constitution, to the mass of ignorant Negroes and freed slaves in the South.

The duty that the Convention of 1901 faced is clearly and well stated in the Address of the Committee of the Convention to the People of the State:

"The years since the adoption of the Constitution of 1875 have been one long battle to prevent the undermining of our institutions by the participation in our government of a mass of unworthy or vicious voters. Daily experience has brought home to you, with a force to which no recital by us can add, the array of evils which follow in the train of such a struggle, and the fearful sweep in the future, if we can not find other means to secure good government. Relief from present conditions is essential to our morals, our peace and our welfare. Nothing could be worse than the inevitable operation of our present suffrage provisions. Any change which restricts the evil, must be improvement. . . . Your delegates have wrought as best they could, and submit the result of their labors, feeling confident that the plan submitted will purge the electorate of the unworthy and vicious voter who has so long debased our suffrage."¹

¹ *Journal of the Constitutional Convention of 1901*, pp. 1756-1757.

A thoughtful student of the social, educational and political issues in the Southern States in 1904, three years after the Alabama Convention, the Reverend Edgar Gardner Murphy, discusses in his book, *The Present South*, the political issue brought about by the presence of the Negro in our national life; and, writing of the method the Southern States adopted to control the Negro vote and to make certain Anglo-Saxon supremacy, Mr. Murphy recalls that the South had to make the choice between civilization and democracy, and notes that the forms or conceptions of them, however sacred these might be, must await the stable and efficient reorganization of the social life.

Artful Management of the Negro Vote

Political conditions in the South prior to 1901 were insufferable. Then the Negroes were being cajoled, pampered and flattered, and political conditions were so shaping themselves as to enable the Negro to retrieve much of the power that the race lost when the Carpet Baggers, Radicals and Scalawags were finally overthrown in 1874.

The fraudulent manipulation of the Negro vote had become notorious. Professor A. B. Moore, in his *History of Alabama*, quoting *The Birmingham News* of July 30, 1902, noted that from cheating Republicans and Populists the Democrats had turned to cheating their fellow Democrats and "that every election was begrimed with the filth of fraud." Professor Moore, getting his thought from the words of John B. Knox's address as president of the Convention of 1901, continues:

"Under the old system, elections had not only become a stench in the nostrils of every man who made any pretense to honesty, character and decency, but they did not stop there. There was fast being developed a system of ballot box manipulation, corruption and fraud which was reaching out beyond the bounds of politics. The youth of the State were being taught that cheating in elections was excusable, and this was leading on to dishonesty in commercial and social life. 'The impending conditions', the Birmingham paper observed further, 'meant nothing less than the ultimate ruination of the youth and the degradation of the State.'"

The Supreme Question as Alabama Saw It.

The Reverend Mr. Murphy writes in his book:

"It was opportune for the North to declare that the freedman could not protect himself unless given the ballot in the mass; it was equally opportune

for the South—with whole States where the Negroes were a majority, with many counties where the number of black men was treble the number of white men—to declare that the supreme question was not the protection of the Negro but the protection of society itself; that White Supremacy at that stage in the development of the South, was necessary to the supremacy of intelligence, administrative capacity and public order, and involved even the existence of those economic and civic conditions upon which the progress of the Negro was itself dependent.”

So, one of the paramount reasons in 1901 for the demand that Alabama revise her 1875 Constitution was the fact that the youth of the State were being taught, with general public approval, that cheating and fraud in elections were all right. If cheating in elections was all right, then it was easy to go a step further and condone dishonesty in the social, official and commercial life of Alabama.

Suffrage to Be Limited by Legal Conditions

The Reverend Mr. Murphy on this aspect of the question writes:

“The growing youth of the South became habitually familiar with ever lowering political standards as the subterfuges which were first employed against the black man come to be employed between white men in the struggle of faction against faction within the party. The better heart of the South now rose in protest. An unlimited suffrage was impossible, but the limitation of the suffrage must be established not by fraud or force but under legal conditions, and must be determined by a fixed and equitable administration.”

The people of Alabama were forced, therefore, in 1901 to the realization that the white race had to be set free from the continued necessity of using intimidation and fraud in elections. So the great effort of the State in that day was to do away with cheating and fraudulent practices in public elections. The State's work, the work of the Constitutional Convention of 1901, *was to preserve white supremacy by doing legally in the future what in the past good citizens had been forced to do by fraud.*

From Intimidation to Legal Procedure

Charles and Mary Beard, in their book, *The Rise of American Civilization*, gave this version of the South's attitude in these words:

“Faced by a military government directed by Republicans in Washington and supported by Negroes at hand, the white man of the South forgot ancient divisions in the presence of forces more formidable. Having determined to

recover their dominion, their first task was, as a matter of course, to wrest the ballot from the newly enfranchised freedmen—the ballot conferred upon them by the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments, supplemented by various federal force bills for the supervision of elections.

“This they accomplished, in the early stages, by forming secret societies such as the Ku Klux Klan and the White Camelia which, by warnings, nocturnal visits, impressive parades in white hoods, and other methods, sometimes including murderous violence, managed to frighten great masses of colored voters away from the polls, in spite of federal protection there. Very generally the freedman into whose hands the ballot had been thrust by the Republican victors did not care to risk his head in exercising his political rights, so that the mere show of force materially reduced the number of ballots cast against the Democrats.

“Finding such tactics highly effective and the resistance of the Northern Republicans weakening as the passions of the late war cooled, the Southern whites moved from intimidation to legal procedure by writing into their State constitutions various provisions which lawfully deprived the Negroes of the ballot, without disturbing the political prerogatives of the Caucasian race.”

The Convention Called

In 1901 the people of Alabama made their choice. They demanded that our elections should be purged of all fraud and intimidation, and that the supremacy of the White Race, and the peace of the State, should be made secure by the Constitution of the State itself.

In December, 1898, the General Assembly called a convention and delegates were elected. Governor Joseph Forney Johnston, however, convened that body in extraordinary session and the call for the convention was repealed. However on December 11, 1900, the General Assembly again called a Constitutional Convention. More than 115,000 voters trooped to the polls. The voters of the State sustained the call when 70,305 voted for a Constitutional Convention, and 45,505 voted against it. Thus the majority for holding the convention to submit a new Constitution was practically 25,000 votes. Six out of ten voters demanded a new Constitution.

On April 23, 1901, the people of the State elected the 155 delegates to the convention; 141 of these delegates were Democrats. Four delegates were chosen from the State at large, eighteen from the congressional districts of the State, thirty-three from the senatorial districts and 100 delegates distributed from among the several counties.

From the State at large came four able delegates: Robert J. Lowe of Birmingham, former Governor William Calvin Oates of Montgomery, Frank S. White of Birmingham and John B. Knox, of Anniston. The latter became the presiding officer of the convention.

Strong Men of the State in the Convention

Never has there been in Alabama a body of representatives that contained so many strong men, so many able men, so many men with marked qualities of leadership, and so many grimly determined men.

From the Congressional Districts came former Governor Thomas Goode Jones of Montgomery, Edward W. DeGraffenreid of Greensboro, future Governor Emmett O'Neal of Florence, Richard Wilde Walker of Huntsville and J. Fritz Thompson of Centreville. From the Senatorial Districts of Alabama came General Richard Channing Jones of Wilcox, William H. Samford of Troy, George P. Harrison of Opelika, A. H. Carmichael of Tuscumbia and Gregory L. Smith of Mobile.

The various counties of the State sent to Montgomery, for the sessions of the convention, men of the stamp of Malcolm S. Carmichael of Elba, Henry Opp of Andalusia, Thomas W. Coleman of Eutaw, Thomas M. Espy of Dothan, James Weatherly and Henry C. Selheimer of Birmingham. Madison sent Robert E. Spraggins, Perry sent W. H. Tayloe, Tuscaloosa sent J. Manley Foster and Mobile sent Harry Pillans. From all over the State came her ablest sons to do their part in framing Alabama's new Constitution, and to help preserve White Supremacy.

Sessions of the Convention

At noon on May 21, 1901, the sons of Alabama, who had been chosen delegates to the convention, met in the historic hall of the House of Representatives on Capitol Hill, the same hall where Alabama's Ordinance of Secession had been passed forty years before, the same hall where so much of the State's history had been made, and the very hall in which so many of Alabama's Governors had been sworn into office.

Thomas Nicholas McClellan, then Alabama's gifted Chief Justice, called the assembly to order and read the Enacting Act creating the Convention. He directed that as the names of the

delegates were called they come forward and enroll themselves. Every elected delegate, 155 of them, came to the secretary's desk and signed the Convention roll. When that was done the Chief Justice administered the oath to the whole body, every member standing. The convention then adjourned until the next day when it elected John B. Knox of Anniston president, and listened to his able and thoughtful address.

At the conclusion of President Knox's address, the other officers of the convention were chosen, among them, Frank N. Julian of Colbert as secretary and William F. Herbert of Montgomery as assistant secretary.

The convention remained in session 82 working days, that is from May 21, 1901, until September 3, 1901, when it adjourned *sine die* on its 82nd day.

The Work of the Convention

Were time to permit, it would be a labor of love this morning to recall to you in detail the great work that the Convention did for Alabama and the useful part you had in those historic labors. But it must suffice to mention briefly: The Convention preserved white supremacy in Alabama; provided for honest elections by intelligent voters. It took the ballot from the hands of the unworthy. The Constitution submitted to the people, by its own force, appropriated to public education eight times as much as the Constitution of 1875. The new Constitution increased the power of the people by giving them the right to elect many officials who had formerly been elected by the Legislature. It made far-reaching and important changes in the Legislative department of the government. It tried to pluck out by the roots the evils of local legislation, and it would have succeeded completely but for an unfortunate construction placed upon the Constitution by the Supreme Court. The Convention in the Constitution gave the Legislature broad powers for the regulation and reasonable restraint of carriers, trusts and monopolies. The Constitution added entirely to the service of the people. It improved the administration of justice, stopped the unwise chartering of private corporations by special Acts, forbade the giving of free passes by railroads, made it easier to amend the Constitution, and wisely curtailed the power of cities and counties to contract debts.

In framing the new Constitution the delegates "did not forget that it was the work of the dominant race, and should secure the just rights of the weaker race as well." They did not conceal from the world "the conviction that the welfare of both races would be secured and enhanced by keeping the control and direction of the government in the hands of that great race whose blood and sacrifices founded our republic and gave free institutions to America." And the Convention did not draft a Constitution for a great State along the lines of race hatred and unworthy prejudices. "The purpose of the new instrument is to protect the weaker as well as the stronger race."

People Ratify the Constitution

On the fourth day of the convention it adopted a very important resolution: "That it is the sense of this convention that such Constitution as may be adopted by this convention shall be submitted to the qualified voters of Alabama for ratification." And paragraph four of the schedule of the Constitution declared that it should be submitted to the qualified voters for ratification or rejection, and that no elector should be deprived of the right to vote at that election by reason of his not being registered.

The election was held November 11, 1901, when William D. Jelks was Governor. At that election 136,589 qualified voters went to the polls. The ratification of the Constitution was voted for by 81,734 voters, and its rejection was voted for by 54,875 voters. The majority for the Constitution was 26,879 votes. On Thursday, November 28, 1901, Thanksgiving Day, the new Constitution went into effect and became binding upon the people of the State and its representatives.

Beneficent Effects of New Constitution

Alabama's Constitution of 1901, has given the people of the State, the rule of the intelligent and the virtuous. It has brought peace and prosperity. Under its education, industry, agriculture and commerce have flourished. Alabama has gone on its way with courage, patience and steady improvement in all departments of its government. Her government has functioned with efficiency, honesty, and with justice and fair play for all.

¹ *Journal of the Constitutional Convention of 1901.* 40.

Alabama today is grateful to the delegates to the Constitutional Convention of 1901, for the part they played in building that great instrument under which our people have lived and prospered for nearly forty years, and which has brought peace and happiness to the sons and daughters of our beloved State.

To you, the surviving delegates and officers of that useful body which worked so hard, so ably and so patiently during that long and tiring summer of 1901, in Montgomery, the people of Alabama through her Chief Executive express gratitude and appreciation, and the hope that the rest of your lives may be spent in days filled with happiness and contentment.

And to you, the great majority of that convention who now sleep so quietly and honorably in your graves, to you whom the sound of our voices can not reach and to you whose hands we can not again clasp in this life, Alabama tenderly says: "Sleep on, beloved sons. Your State remembers, and will ever remember, your unselfish labors for the cause of good and honest government. In the golden book of our sweet remembrance your names and deeds are written in letters set with diamonds and pearls, and your memory will live on in the grateful hearts of the people you loved and served."

MARTIN MARSHALL'S BOOK: HOUSEHOLD HINTS*

Edited by Weymouth T. Jordan¹

(Continued from *The Alabama Historical Quarterly*, Summer Issue, 1940)

Artificial Mahogany.²

The following method of giving any species of wood of a close grain, the appearance of mahogany, in texture, density, and polish, is said to be practiced in France, with such success that the best judges are incapable of distinguishing between the imitation and mahogany. The surface is first planed smooth, and the wood is then rubbed with a solution of nitrous acid. One ounce of dragon's blood is dissolved in nearly a pint of spirits of wine; this and one-third of an ounce of carbonate of soda are then to be mixed together, and filtered, and the liquid in this thin state is to be laid on with a soft brush. This process is to be repeated, and, in a short interval afterward, the wood possesses the external appearance of mahogany. When the polish diminishes in brilliancy, it may be restored by the use of a little cold-drawn linseed oil.³

*The editor wishes to acknowledge the generous financial aid given by the Social Science Research Council for the purpose of making a general study of ante-bellum Plantation Practices in Alabama.

¹For the editor's foreword and discussion of the document which is the source of the material included here, see his "Martin Marshall's Book: Introduction," *The Alabama Historical Quarterly* (Summer Issue, 1940), 158-168. Except as otherwise indicated, all items included in the present series of articles were presumably domestic practices developed by Marshall himself.

²The Book is presented in its original order, form and punctuation, except as indicated. Two editorial liberties, however, have been taken, namely: indiscriminately placed items of a similar nature in the original document have been combined to form separate articles; and the descriptive heading of each item has been italicized.

³This description of the method of giving wood the appearance of mahogany comes from a newspaper clipping which Marshall pasted into his Book. Many of the items included in the journal, especially on household hints, are clippings. But in most cases no indication is made of the newspaper from which the clipping was made. Therefore, whenever this is the case the editor has referred in a footnote to the item as follows: Unknown newspaper clipping.

Cement.

One part Sand, Two parts ashes and three parts Clay—it is said will make a cement as hard as marble & impenetrable by water.

Paste that is Paste.—

Dissolve an ounce of alum in a quart of warm water; when cold, add as much flour as will make it into the consistence of cream; then strew into it as much powdered rosin as will stand on a shilling, and two or three cloves; boil it to a consistence, stirring all the time. It will keep for twelve months, and when dry may be softened with water.⁴

To Clean Silk.—

One fourth of a pound of soft soap, one teaspoonful of brandy, one pint of gin and mixed well together. With a sponge, spread the mixture on each side of the silk without greasing it, iron on the wrong side, and it will look as well as new.

An Ant Trap.—

Procure a large sponge wash it well and press it dry, which will leave the cells open. Then sprinkle over it some fine white sugar, and place it near where the ants are most troublesome. They will soon collect upon the sponge and take up their abode in the cells. It is only necessary to dip the sponge in scalding water which will wash them out "clean dead" by the thousands. Put on some more sugar and set the trap for another haul. This process will soon clear the hous(e) of every ant, uncle and progeny.

Moth.

Take an ounce of Cloves, one of Cedar balls and one of Rhubarb, pulverize and sprinkle them in a drawer or Chest in which Clothes are to be placed. It will prevent moths from injuring the clothes, and create an excellent scent.⁵

To Wash Guns.

... Wash your gun barrels in spirits of turpentine by dipping a rag or sponge fastened on your gun rod into the liquid, and

⁴Unknown newspaper clipping. This was also Marshall's source for the next two items included here.

⁵Copied by Marshall from an unknown issue of the *Southern Cultivator* (Athens, Georgia, 1843—date). At the present this magazine is published under the title of *Southern Cultivator and Dixie Farmer*.

swabbing them out three or four times, when they will be cleared from all impurities, and be used almost instantly, as the turpentine will evaporate and leave the barrels dry; even if they are a little moist it will not prevent their going off like water. After being washed thus, there is no danger of rust, as when water is used. I am an old experienced gunner, and have practiced this for years and found it useful.⁶

To Remove Stains and Marks from Books.—

A solution of an oxalic acid, nitric acid, or tartaric acid, is attended with the least risk, and may be applied upon the paper and prints without fear of damage. These acids, taking out the writing ink, and not touching the printing, can be used for restoring books, where the margins have been written upon, without attacking the text.

To Clean Oil-Paint.—

The best thing for cleaning oil-paints is a sponge dipped in ammonia, which has been copiously diluted with water. Soap dissolves the turpentine as well as the linseed-oil, and not only destroys the smooth and shiny surface, but exposes, also, the lead to the influence of the water and air, and is, therefore, not proper to use.

Various Recipes.—

An ox's gall will set any color—silk, cotton, or woolen. I have seen the colors of calico, which faded at one washing, fixed by it.

A warming-pan, full of coals, or a shovel of coals, held over the varnished furniture, will take out white spots. The place should be rubbed with flannel while warm.

Lamps will have a less disagreeable smell, if you dip your wick-yarn in strong hot vinegar and dry it.⁷

⁶This and the following seven items are copies of clippings from unknown newspapers which were included in Marshall's Book.

⁷Another method to improve lamp wicks was: "First steep the wicks in a solution of lime-water, in which saltpetre has been dissolved. To 1 gallon of water add 2 ounces of saltpetre and $\frac{1}{4}$ pound of lime. Dry well the wicks before using. It improves the light, and prevents the tallow from running." Unknown newspaper clipping.

Items for Housewives.

To Remove Ink from Cotton and Linen.—Dip the spotted part of the linen into melted tallow, wash out, and the spots will disappear, and leave the linen as white and pure as before it was soiled.⁸

To Keep a Stove Bright.—Make a weak alum-water, and mix your British-lustre with it, perhaps two teaspoonsful to a gill of alum-water; let the stove be cold, brush it with the mixture, then take a dry brush and rub the stove till it is perfectly dry. Should any part, before polishing, become so dry as to look gray, moisten it with a wet brush, and proceed as before.

Mending Broken China.—

Take very thick solution of gum arabic in water, and stir it in Plaster of Paris, until the mixture becomes a vicious paste. Apply it with a brush to the fractured edges, and stick them together. In three days the article cannot again be broken in the same place. The whiteness of the cement renders it doubly valuable.

To Make Starch Polish.—

Take 1 oz., Spermaceti, and 1 oz. White Wax, melt, and run into a thin cake on a plate. A piece the size of a quarter dollar, added to a quart of prepared starch, gives a beautiful lustre to the clothes and prevents the iron from sticking.

Recipe for preventing the Flea infesting persons, rooms, or beds.

Take a few branches of penny royal, lay them on or near the bed, or carry a few sprigs in the pocket, & the Flea will never make its appearance—this simple preventive has never failed of the desired effect—or essence of penny royal.

To Prevent Bed Bugs

Take about one teaspoonfull of quicksilver and the whites of six eggs, put them together into and (*sic*) earthen dish. Beat it well, and then with a feather anoint the holes and Joints of the bed

⁸Ink was also removed as follows: "Soak the article in sweet milk one day or more, then put on a little salt and rub if not soaked out." Unknown newspaper clipping. Marshall advised, too, "As soon as the accident happens, wet the place with juice of sorrel, or lemon, or with vinegar, and the best hard soap."

twice, in the spring and summer and it kills the eggs and prevents the approach of the bugs.⁹

Washing of Clothes Made Easy.

. . . On the night preceding the day intended to be set aside as wash day, have all your clothes, white and colored, coarse and fine, put into tubs of clear water, . . . and let them remain there all night.

Put on your boiling vessel . . . , fill it half full of water to be boiling heat, after which put in a vessel of the size of the one we use (six gallons), two teaspoonfuls of sal soda, one quart of soft soap, and one quart of lime and water made by pouring three gallons of water to one quart of lime the night previous, so that it may have had time to settle, and in proportion, if smaller vessels are used; stir the water and get the sal soda soap, and lime water well mixed up, then put in your clothes, boil rapidly one hour, and them the work is done. Take the out and rinse them well, rubbing¹⁰

⁹Marshall manufactured two other applications for the prevention of bed bugs with: one quart of alcohol and two tea spoonsful of corrosive sublimate; or thirty grains of corrosive sublimate, one ounce of spirits of salt, and one quart of turpentine. Another "Antidote for Bed Bugs," copied from an unknown newspaper, was: "Take a quantity of whale oil, and about the same quantity of lard or tallow, simmer them a few minutes together, so as they will mix. Apply the mixture with a feather or fine brush to the crevices and joints of the bedsteads, and these vermin will not only desert the beds, but leave the room."

¹⁰Reprint of a letter written by an unknown person, of Oglethorpe County, Georgia, to the *Southern Banner*, (Wytheville, Virginia, 1860-1865?), clipped from unknown newspaper. The soap used was made with six pounds of potash, four pounds of lard, and one-fourth pound of rosin. It was made as follows: "Beat up the rosin, mix all together well and set aside for five days, then put the whole into a ten gallon cask of warm water, and stir twice a day for ten days, at the expiration of which time, or sooner you will have one hundred pounds of excellent soap for \$1.50." Marshall also made a soap with two quarts of soft soap, two quarts of soft water, one pound of sal soda, and one gill of turpentine. His Book also contains a clipping, with the date "7th April 1825," from an unknown newspaper, describing a "New Soap": "Take one pint of spirits of turpentine, one pint of alcohol, two ounces of hartsborn, one ounce of gum camphor; shake them well together, then to one quart of soft soap add three tablespoonsful of this mixture."

Valuable Recipes.

Oil which never corrodes or thickens.—Take olive oil and put it into a bottle, then insert coils of thin sheet lead. Expose it to the sun a few weeks, and pour off clear.

Blue Ink.—Take sulphate of indigo, dilute it with water till it produces the color required. It is with sulphate very largely diluted, that the faint blue lines of ledgers or other account books are ruled. If the ink were used strong, it would be necessary to add chalk to it to neutralize the acid.¹¹

Liquid Japan, for boots and shoes, harness, etc.—Take treacle, 8 parts; lampblack, 1 part; sweet oil, 1 part; gum arabic, 1 part; isinglass, 1 part. Mix well 32 parts of water. Apply heat; when cold add one ounce of spirit of wine. You may add an ox's gall.—Place the bottle by the side of the fire before use, and apply with a sponge.¹²

To remove Iron Moulds from Cotton or Linen—

Take an earthen vessel, pour into it boiling water, then spread the stained parts of your cloth over it, let it remain until well penetrated with steam, then rub on the places sorrel juice mixed with salt until it is well soaked. Such clothes washed afterwards in common lye, will be made free from spots of mold.¹³

¹¹Another domestic ink was made of "Two drachms of nitrate of silver, added to a weak solution of tincture of galls." An indelible ink was made with "Nitrate of silver, one drachm, mixed with a solution of half an ounce of gum arabic in half a pint of pure rain water."

¹²Unknown newspaper clipping. Blacking was also made as follows: "To one pound of Ivory black, in which has been mixed half an ounce of—Oil of vitriol and one ounce of pulverized loaf sugar—mix the whole with a gallon of vinegar and let it Stand three days, when it is fit for use. It should be stirred often, and kept from the air to prevent evaporation." Marshall copied this item from the *Recorder*, May 2, 1820, an unidentified newspaper. His description of the manufacture of another blacking was: "Take of Lampblack 3 gills Sugar ½ pint Whiskey ½ pint Vinegar 1 gill the white of one egg well beaten (,) mix them well in a Jug or bottle and add half a pint of warm water." Still another was to "Burn wheat straw, grind the coal fine, mix it with molasses or sugar, vinegar, and a little oil."

¹³Moulds were taken from linen by: "Hold the iron mould on the cover of a mug of boiling water, and rub on the spot a little juice of sorrel and salt, & when the cloth has thoroughly imbibed the juice, wash it in ley—"

To remove Carriage Wheel greas(e) from woolen Cloth.

To effect this, the spots of grease must be first rubbed with fresh butter, then lay on two or three strips of blotting paper and apply a hot flat Iron to it; this will entirely take out the spots—

Blackening ball, to make—

Take an iron pot and set it on brick or rock, with the bottom upward, have a quantity of rich lightwood splinters split fine, burn them slowly under the pot until you have a sufficient quantity of Lampblack, then turn up the pot and let it cool so that it is just warm enough to melt beeswax—Scrape down the lampblack, then take two ounces of Beeswax on the point of a case knife or stick, and melt it by rubbing (*sic*) it in the pot: then add four ounces of Tallow and two ounces of brown sugar which has been previously well beaten together, then add two ounces of soft turpentine—Stir it well together until it is cold enough to form into a ball or roll—if it should prove to be too hard, melt it again and add a little oil, stirring (*sic*) and cooling as before—

To dye a good Green—

Dye your yarn blue first, then dip it in yellow dye until you have as deep green as you wish—some dye the thread yellow first and then dip it in blue dye, which is best.

To make a Beautiful Blue.—

Take alder berries, mash them and press out the juice; to two gallons of juice add about one ounce of copperas and two ounces of alum. Dip the thread in this thoroughly, and air it, and the dye is set.¹⁴

Camphor Ointment for Chapped Hands

Scrape into an earthen vessel 1½ ounces of spermaceti and half an ounce of white wax; and six drachms of powdered camphor and four table spoonsful of the best olive oil. Let it stand near the fire until it desolves (*sic*), stirring it well when liquid. Before retiring put the ointment on the hands, also before washing them: use soap as usual.¹⁵

¹⁴Unknown newspaper clipping.

¹⁵Unknown newspaper clipping. Another treatment for chapped hands was to wet them and then rub them with “about half a teaspoonful of good honey.”

To wash Calicoes.—

Infuse three gills of salt in four quarts of boiling water, and put the calicoes in, while hot, and leave it till cold. In this way the colors are rendered permanent, and will not fade by subsequent washing.¹⁶

A Secret Worth Knowing.—

Boil three or four onions in a pint of water. Then with a gilding brush do over your glasses and frames and rest assured that the flies will not light on the article washed. This may be used without apprehension, as it will not do the least harm to the frames.¹⁷

To take out grease spots in cotton or linen clothes.

Wet the spot with water, and rub in well Magnesia, or chalk, when dry brush it well.

Mice and Rats.—

. . . Get live plaster of Paris and flour, mix them dry in equal quantities, lay it in dry places, and sprinkle a little sugar amongst it. Both rats and mice eat ravenously, the plaster sets firm directly after it is moistened, becomes a lump inside, and kills to a certainty.¹⁸

Perfume.¹⁹

The perfume of flowers may be gathered . . . in a very simple manner, and without apparatus. Gather the flowers with as little stalk as possible, and place them in a jar, three parts full of olive or almond oil. After being in the oil twenty-four hours, put them into a coarse cloth and squeeze the oil from them. This process, with fresh flowers, is to be repeated according to the strength of

¹⁶Unknown newspaper clipping.

¹⁷Unknown newspaper clipping.

¹⁸Unknown newspaper clipping. One of Marshall's own methods of getting rid of rats and mice was to "Gather the plant dog's tongue, which grows in fields; at the period when the sap is in full vigor, bruise it with a hammer or otherwise, and lay it in the house, barn, or granary, infested by rats or mice, and they will immediately shift their quarters" His favorite methods, however, were: "Mix a little red or white lead, in powder, with Indian meal, and set it by, for them to eat and Die—Better still—To destroy mice & rats, a plenty of good Cats, feed them well, & they will perform well."

¹⁹This heading has been supplied by the editor.

the perfume desired. The oil being thus thoroughly perfumed with the volatile principle of the flower is to be mixed with an equal quantity of pure rectified spirit, and shaken every day for a fortnight, when it may be poured off, ready for use²⁰

Useful Recipes.

To clean Paper Hangings.—First blow off the dust with the bellows. Divide a white loaf eight days old into eight parts. Take the crust into your hand, and, beginning with the top of the paper, wipe it downwards in the lightest manner with the crumb. Do not cross or go upwards. The dirt of the paper and the crumbs will fall together. Observe, you must not wipe above half a yard at a stroke, and, after doing all the upper part, go around again, beginning a little above where you left off. If you do not do it extremely lightly, you will make the dirt adhere to the paper. It will look like new if properly done.

To preserve Iron from Rust.—Melt fresh mutton-suet, smear over the iron with it while hot; then dust it well with unslaked lime pounded and tied up in muslin. Irons so prepared will keep many months. Use no oil for them, at any time, except salad oil, there being water in all other. Fire-irons should be wrapped in baize, and kept in a dry place, when not in use.²¹

To drive away, or prevent the approach of the moth or caterpillars.

Wrap up yellow or turpentine soap in paper, or place an open bottle containing spirits of turpentine within the wardrobe. But as the smell of the latter may be unpleasant, sprinkle bay leaves, or wormwood, or lavender, or walnut leaves, or rue, or black pepper in grains.

Boxes

It is said that Cedar turned end-wise to the Gudgeon, Make(s) the best box of wood—Brass and Sand melted together in a cricible, makes the best composition box—

Varnish to clean Furniture

Melt bees wax by rubbing it on a warm flat Iron, let it run or drop into a tin cup or pan set on warm embers—Add half as

²⁰Unknown newspaper clipping.

²¹Unknown newspaper clipping. The date "7th April 1825" is written on the margin of this clipping.

much Spirits of Turpentine as you have of the melted Bees wax—Simmer it slowly, and mix it well by stirring (*sic*). Then pour it into a stone Jar, and it is ready for use—Put a small quantity at a time on a woolen rag, and rub it briskly on your furniture, and it will give a fine gloss—

To take out fruit spots.

Let the spotted part of the cloth imbibe a little water without dipping, and hold the part over a lighted common brimstone match at a proper distance. The Sulphurous gas, which is discharged, soon causes the spots to disappear.

To take mildew out of linen.

Rub it well with Soap; then scrape some fine chalk & rub that also in the linen, lay it on the grass: as it dries, wet it a little, and it will come out after twice doing.

To remove grease spots from paper.

Take of roche alum brunt, & flour of brimstone an equal quantity of each; and reduce them to a fine powder, wet the paper a little, put a small quantity of the powder upon the place, & the spots will disappear.

Permanent ink for marking linen.

Take 60 grains of nitrate of Silver (Lunar caustic), dissolve it in a glass mortar in double its weight of pure water; add to this solution 10 drops of nitric acid; this is the ink.

In another vessel dissolve 60 grains of Salt of tartar in $1\frac{1}{2}$ oz. (3 table spoonful) of water; this is usually named the liquid pounce, with which the linen is wet previously to the application of the ink.

Common Solder

Put into a crucible 2 lbs. of lead, and when melted, throw in one pound of tin—

To explore unventilated places

Light some sheets of brown paper, or other combustible, and throw into the well or cavern; also fix a long pipe, which may be made of leather, to a pair of bellows and blow for some time into the place.

To render paper fire proof.

Dip it in a strong solution of alum water, and then thoroughly dry it. In this state it will be fire proof. This will be readily known by holding a slip, thus prepared, over a candle. Some paper requires to imbibe more of the solution than by a single immersion, in which case the dipping & drying must be repeated, till it becomes fully saturated. Neither colour nor quality of the paper will be in the (least) affected by this process, but on the contrary, will be improved, whether written, printed, stained or painted for hangings.

To remove flies from rooms.

Take half a teaspoonful of black pepper, in powder, one teaspoonful of brown sugar, and one table spoonful of cream; mix them well together, & place them in the room, on a plate, where the flies are troublesome, & they will soon disappear.²²

Cement for mending Marble.

Mix the white of an egg with finely powdered quick lime. It would probably answer to mend earthen ware as crockery, etc.²³ newspaper: "An excellent cement for seams in roofs of houses, or in any other exposed places, is made with white lead, dry white sand, and as much oil as will make it into the consistency of putty. The cement gets as hard as stone in the course of a few weeks."

Greasing Carriage Wheels

Take lard, Wheat flour, and black lead—Melt the lard over a gentle fire, and the other ingredients—equal in weight, may be added, till the composition is brought to a consistence of common paste without the heat to(o) near boiling point. Or 2 parts hog's lard by bulk, & one each of black lead & flour.²⁴

White Wash for fences—

One ounce of white vitriol (sulphate of zinc). Three ounces

²²To kill flies, Marshall also advised: "Make a tea of the flowers safron, sweeten it and set it in a plate, & it will destroy every fly that sips it."

²³Marshall copied the following method of making cement from an unknown

²⁴Under the heading of "Carriage & Harness" Marshall also directed: "Clean the Brass mountings with Sweet oil & rotten stone—Grease the wheels with Oil or Lard & Black Lead—Oil the Top, Harness, etc., with neatsfoot oil, washing the leather first, & put on the Oil before the leather dries." The date "March 24th, 1841" is written beneath this item.

of Common salt, to every 3 or 4 lbs. of good fresh lime, it is said, renders it very durable, exposed to the weather.

Gum Arabic Starch.

To produce a fine gloss on linen, the Shirt bosom, etc. Take two ounces of fine white gum arabic powder—put into a pitcher, and on it a pint or more of boiling water (according to the stiffness you desire) and then having covered it, let it set all night. In the morning pour it carefully from the dregs into a clean bottle, cork it and keep it for use. A table spoonful of gum water, stirred (*sic*) into a pint of Starch that has been made in the usual manner, will give to lawns (either white or printed) a look of newness when nothing else can new them after washing. It is also good (much diluted) for white muslin and bobinet.

To whiten old Bonnets.

If old yellow straw braid is soaked a while in water and then suspended inside of a no-headed barrel or hogshead, and brimstone is inflamed at the bottom of the cask, and suffered to commence burning thoroughly, the top covered over, the straw will become whitened by the action of the acid—

Good Writing Ink—

Finely bruised Galls, 1 lb. Green Copperas in powder $\frac{1}{2}$ lb., Gum Arabic 4 ounces, Water 4 pints. If you choose you may add 6 ounces of Logwood. Steep a week or more, Shaking it every day.

Hair Ointment—

Take of Castor Oil (ol: Ricina), Bare's Oil, Deer, or Mutton suet (Tallow), Essence, or O(i)l of Roses, Equal quantity. And you may add Puccoon root in proportion to the quantity of each. The above ointment will change the colour of the hair, if used every morning, to a black, or dark color—and give a gloss to the hair, if properly managed—²⁵

Varnish for Boots & Shoes by which they are rendered impervious to water.

Take pint of Linseed oil, half a pound of mutton suet, Six or eight ounces of beeswax, and a small piece of rosin, boil all these

²⁵Marshall recorded that he had obtained this information from E. L. Howie, probably a friend, and that Howie had received it from a Mrs. Prescott who lived at an undetermined place in Louisiana.

in a pipkin and let the liquid cool till it is milk warm. Then with a hair brush lay it upon new boots and shoes—If old boots are to be varnished, the mixture is to be laid on when the leather is perfectly dry.²⁶

(To be continued)

²⁶Copied from an unknown newspaper or other publication. After copying this item Marshall stated: "A little lampblack might be added. M. M."

RECOLLECTIONS OF WILLIAM L. YANCEY

By Joel Barnett

(The letter reproduced here was originally printed in the Montgomery Advertiser, July 18, 1914. Mr. Barnett, long since dead, was acquainted with all the public men of his times and knew Mr. Yancey in an intimate way. This letter is reproduced at this time in view of the fact that Yancey-Davis correspondence has appeared in former issues of the *Quarterly* and other letters between those two distinguished public officials are produced in this issue.)

Editor The Advertiser:

I hope you will permit me to commend in an humble way the plans now in motion for the celebration of the 100th anniversary of the birth of one of Montgomery's greatest citizens, Hon. William L. Yancey. Although but a young man when Mr. Yancey passed from the political stage in the South, I have very keen recollections of him as a man and as a statesman. In the flush of vigorous and enthusiastic youth, I held him as the model of what the leader of a great people should be. As a contribution to the series of recollections now occasionally appearing in your paper, this communication is written.

The first time I ever saw Mr. Yancey was at the home of Col. B. J. Baldwin, who then resided near Fitzpatrick station, now in Bullock, but then in Montgomery county. He was accompanied by Mr. George Hails, father of our fellow townsman, Mr. George Hails of the tax collector's office. They were on their way to High Log, where Mr. Yancey was to speak in joint debate against Hon. Henry W. Hilliard. My boyish imagination was fired by the conversations of my elders, who characterized Mr. Yancey as the Demosthenes of fiery and impetuous speech, and Mr. Hilliard as the polished and faultless Cicero.

Among the numerous devoted friends and admirers of Mr. Yancey in Montgomery were Mr. George Hails, above referred to, Dr. Carnot Bellinger, who had married the sister of Mr. Hails; Captain John Cheney, whose wife was the sister of Dr. Bellinger; Colonel Bolling Hall, Hon. John A. Elmore, Hon. W. P. Chilton, and a host of others. Among his young friends were Captain James Stewart, now living in Montgomery, and the late Col. John W. A. Sanford, of beloved memory. Among others I should mention in this connection was Hon. James Yancey Brame. Sr., once

sheriff of Montgomery county, and the father of my friend James Y. Brame, Jr., Montgomery. Mr. Brame was closely related to Mr. Yancey, as his middle name shows.

I recall having heard Col. James Gilchrist relate, in that thrilling conversational style for which he was so much noted, that Mr. Yancey was never so effective in speaking as when he was faced by great opposition. From Colonel Gilchrist's statements it appears that Albert Jones had been murdered near McGehee's Switch in the lower part of this county, and that a number of negro slaves in that vicinity were charged with the offense. The citizens were intensely outraged, and the negroes were threatened with lynching. By request, Mr. Yancey and Colonel John A. Elmore drove out to the scene. After a few moments' conference, Colonel Elmore appealed to Yancey to speak to the crowd in the attempt to quiet them, and to secure for the negroes a hearing. As a result of his appeal, Colonel Gilchrist states that the hot passion of the company was cooled, and that the negroes were turned over to the officers without harm.

I have talked with many of our older men, who had heard Mr. Yancey on more than one occasion, and in great crises, say that perhaps his very greatest speech here was the one made by him at the Southern Commercial Convention which met in Montgomery in 1858, in opposition to Hon. Roger A. Pryor of Virginia. This speech, it was said, placed Mr. Yancey in the front rank of constructive statesmen, and indicated large ability as an economist. Certain it is that the convention brought together some of the greatest leaders of the South. At that same convention Mr. Hilliard was also one of the speakers supporting Mr. Pryor.

Col. John W. A. Sanford, whom I have mentioned above, was certainly one of the most cultured men who ever lived in Montgomery. He was widely read, and had an extended range of experience in public life. He told me once that he had heard all of the greatest orators of his time, including Prentiss, Clay, Webster and Douglas. Their best efforts, he said, were not equal to the best oratory of Yancey. He gave it to me as his deliberate opinion that Yancey was the greatest natural orator whom the United States had ever produced.

Mr. Yancey returned from England in February, 1862. Soon after his return to Montgomery, he made a visit to Central Institute, then in Coosa, but now in the upper part of Elmore county, Alabama. His son, Goodloe H. Yancey and I were then in attendance upon this far-famed school, conducted by Captain T. C. Bragg, one of Alabama's greatest ante-bellum teachers. Mr. Yancey spent about three weeks there, and I saw him often. He was reserved, quiet of manner, and wholly unassuming. He made no speeches while there. He seemed to be in a serious and reflective state of mind, whether on account of the condition of the country or of his own health, which I later learned was much impaired, I do not know. Probably this was due to both causes.

JOEL BARNETT.

Montgomery, Ala., July 17, 1914.

MORE YANCEY-DAVIS LETTERS

(The four letters below are important in that they reveal some of the difficulties confronting the Confederate Government from almost the beginning of the War Between the States. Although William L. Yancey was a Secession leader and introduced Jefferson Davis in Montgomery with the well known expression that "the man and the hour have met", the letters show the former criticizing the policies of the President of the Confederacy about a year after the war began. These reproductions are *verbatim* copies of the originals which are preserved in the Division of Maps and Manuscripts of the Alabama State Department of Archives and History.

Yancey wrote the letter of April 6, 1862, soon after returning home from Europe, where he had served the Confederate States of America as one of its three Commissioners designated to gain recognition for the newly created Confederate Government. As pointed out in this letter the European Delegation had difficulty obtaining sufficient funds to make the necessary purchases of the much needed arms and munitions. In addition to having governmental financial matters brought frequently to his attention, Yancey did not receive his salary as scheduled and was therefore forced to borrow money in order to return home.

In the letter written jointly by Yancey and Clay on April 21, 1862, the reader will observe early criticisms of President Davis. It also shows that Yancey was not the only person dissatisfied with certain administrative policies of the President.

The letter of May 6, 1863, is significant in that it seems to be the first time Yancey expressed the belief in writing that Davis "entertained personal enmity" toward him. The reply to this letter was reproduced in the last issue of *The Alabama Historical Quarterly*.

Finally, the letter of July 11, 1863, was written as a bitter denunciation of Davis about two weeks before Yancey died. In this letter Yancey reviewed incidents which had been taking place for more than a year and renewed his criticisms of them. It also refers to two other letters which are reproduced in this issue.)

Richmond 6th April, 1862

Sir

I have had occasion very recently to examine with some care the instructions of the War Department to Capt Huse—and the letters of that officer to the Secretary of War.

Having a full personal knowledge of the views of Capt Huse—and of his operations in Europe—and of the capacities of European manufacturers to supply arms etc—I beg leave to submit for your consideration the following.

The finished military education of Capt Huse naturally incline him to contract for and buy none but the most superior rifled arms.

The instructions of the government strengthen him in that inclination.

The markets of Europe, at this time, can afford but few rifled muskets.

Many very fair smooth bore muskets may yet be bo't in Europe if pains is taken to find them.

The appointment of at least two additional officers, to make different sections of the Continent of Europe the sphere of their operations, would facilitate the acquisition of such arms.

Instructions to each to confine his operations to the section allotted to him, would prevent conflict in enquiry & purchase & consequent rise in prices.

The manufacturers of the rifled as well as other muskets and carbines, are now pretty much open to be monopolized by our contractor, but to this end a large amount of cash in hand is absolutely necessary—as forfeit money is required to be deposited at time of contracting. Cash also is absolutely necessary to be paid at time of delivery under contracts—which is monthly.

I notice in Mr. Memminger's statement of amount of money sent to the agents of the War Department, that in the most critical period of our contracts in England, that between 25th September and 19th January, near 4 months, he only sent \$1,031.00. The consequence was that he (Capt Huse) had to beg an advance from S. Isaac, Campbell & Co. to amount of half a million dollars. Had this house not have generously aided us, we should have lost every contract, and with them some 50,000 muskets delivered in that period and since.

The funds sent up to 7th March, will only pay for deliveries under old contracts—which do not I believe amount to over 10,000 muskets a month.

If we are to arm 200,000 additional men, or rather to obtain 2 or 300,000 more muskets by fall, not only will you be compelled to send additional officers, imbued fully with your ideas, but a million of dollars a month, in advance.

Pardon me for these suggestions—They are dictated by a solemn sense of duty. I address them to you because I believe that from the immense pressure upon you of every interest, you

cannot comprehend all, unless with the aid of some plain spoken friends.

I have spoken of what I know, and submit it, for what it is worth, to your consideration.

Respectfully
Yr. obt. Svt.
(Signed) W. L. Yancey

His Excellency)
Jeff'n Davis)
President, etc.)

A true copy
Burton N. Harrison
Private Secretary

Senate Chamber
Apl. 21, 1862

The President:

Sir,

Including the late call for 12 Regts. Alabama has 40 Regts. in the field; & but five Brig. Genls.—Withers, Rodes, Wood, Leadbetter & Forney. We are informed that two Brigades of Alabama Troops, in late battles at Shiloh, were led by Brigadiers from other States.

It is certainly natural and reasonable that men should prefer leaders from their own State; & that those who think themselves qualified, by education & experience to command, should feel disappointed & mortified when they are overlooked & postponed, & Brigades from their own States are placed under the command of officers from other States, who are their juniors in years & in time of service, below them in rank & undistinguished in the field of battle.

We should not think the aspirations for General offices by mere civilians deserving much consideration, when in competition with those educated & experienced in arms. But they seem to us entitled to respectful consideration in competition with other civilians, from other States, which have already their full proportion, or more, of General officers. We had heard that you ob-

jected to the promotion of some of the Colonels from Ala., that they had not shown themselves in action worthy of a Brigadier Genl's command; & that your rule was, or would in future be, in respect to such offices, that one must win his spurs before he could secure such an appointment. We concede the justice & sound policy of the rule when enforced in practice.

Some of our friends from Ala. in command of Regts., to whom we have stated your rule, as a reason for their not having been promoted, think the rule departed from in your late nomination of Col. Pryor for a Brig. Genlshp.

Entertaining the same opinion, & thinking that there are Alabama Cols. whose commissions are of older date, & whose experience & previous course of life give them higher claims of confidence, we have felt it due to them & our State to call your attention to them. And, in accordance with their expectations & our own feelings, we respectfully recommend for appointment as Brig. Genls. Sydenham Moore, Tennant Lomax, Thomas J. Judge & Eli S. Shorter—all in command of Regts. of Alabamians.

We are most respectfully,

Yr. Obt. Svts.

C. C. Clay, Jr.

W. L. Yancey

N.B. We think it proper to say further, that some of our Ala. Cols. served in the Creek War of '37 in Ala., & 12 or more months in Mexico. And, furthermore, that we do not esteem Gen'l Rodes or Gen'l Leadbetter as Alabamians: the latter is a northern man who has been resident in Ala. for only a few years, & the former is a Virginian, who was only so-journing in that State while superintending the construction of a Rail Road of which he was Engineer. We do not think he claims Alabama as his residence, but regarded Va. as his home & intended to return to it when his employment as such Engineer was completed.

Most respectfully

yrs &c &c

W. L. Yancey

C. C. Clay, Jr.

Written in ink on the back of this letter is the following, which is the reply from Jefferson Davis:

It is the province of the Executive to nominate and of the Senate to confirm or reject.

Recommendations are willingly received and respectfully considered by me, but I will not argue as to their propriety and do not recognize the fairness of the within statement of my course, and assumption as to what it should be.

Jeffer. Davis

W. L. Yancey)

C. C. Clay)

Senators

Also, written in pencil, on the back of this letter is the following notation:

Hon. W.L.Y. I send you this upon condition that you return it to me, or a copy composed by us.

C. Jr.

Montgomery, Ala.
6 May 1863

Sir:

Entirely unaware that you entertained any personal enmity towards me, a short time since I requested you as the President to confer a commission upon my son Dalton H. Yancey.

The holding that you are but the Trustee for the people in dispensing the offices of the government, and therefore that one, even your enemy may consistently with his self-respect, lay before you an application for one of the places at your disposal, I am also aware that places are often conferred as reward to friends and refused as punishment inflicted upon enemies.

Most assuredly I should never have placed myself in the position of asking a place for my son, if I had entertained the least idea that a conscientious difference of opinion with the President upon some points of his administration had caused him to indulge towards me personal dislike.

I have not heard from you relative to that application, and I therefore seize the earliest moment after receiving information as

to your personal feelings, to withdraw the application made to you in behalf of Dalton H. Yancey, a cadet in the University of Alabama.

I am &c &c
W. L. Yancey

Hon. Jeff'n Davis
President of the C. S. A.

Montgomery, Alabama
11 July, 1863

Sir:

Your letter of the 20th ult. in reply to mine of May 6th was received by due course of mail—I have considered its contents, and it seems to me to call for a reply.

You state that you have not made any declarations to the effect that you were inimical to me—but you do not deny the correctness of the information I had received that you were inimical. In such matters, actions are more significant than words.

Since the interview I had with you, shortly after my return from Europe, in reference to your economic policy in the purchase of arms and munitions of war was generally abroad, I have noticed a change of your manner to me, which repelled advance on my part. And I have particularly noticed your selections for nominations for office from among the most inveterate personal foes I had in Alabama.

Whatever doubts I may have entertained as to your feelings towards me, and I did entertain them, unwilling to believe that mere political differences of opinion would disturb our former good relations, were dispelled by your action in nominating Mr. Burton for Post Master at Montgomery. A most exceptionable gentleman, representing the wishes of a large majority of the people of the town, was recommended to you for that place both by Mr. Clay and myself and received the endorsement of Mr. Chilton. Montgomery is the postal town of Mr. Chilton and myself. I have understood that it has been a usage and a courtesy yielded to a Senator, as a part of the appointing power, to nominate as post master in his postal town one agreeable to him. Yet you *overrode* all these considerations, and appointed one unknown to you personally, I believe, recommended by an insignificant number

of persons in Montgomery, and hardly identified with the place. I have understood and believe that you were influenced in the rejection of Mr. Glackmeyer, whom I recommended, by feelings of personal hostility to myself. Though a representative of the people and State, I have never been consulted by you as to a single appointment made by you, in Alabama. About a year ago, Mr. Clay and I joined in a letter calling your attention to the fact that but few Brigadier Generals had been appointed by you from Alabama, compared with the number appointed from other States, and that several Brigades of Alabama Regiments were commanded by Brigadiers from other States. We presented you with a list of names of Alabama Colonels and recommended them to you for their fitness, in our opinion, for promotion. That letter of recommendation which, in my opinion, should have been filed, was returned to us with your endorsement, to the effect that by the constitution it was your province to nominate, and that of the Senate to confirm or reject. The return to us of that paper and the endorsement, I considered them, and do now, an act of grave discourtesy. Under these circumstances I consider that you are mistaken in the averment made in your letter of the 26 ult. that "I had no right to feel personal hostility to you." On the contrary, I think that the circumstances evince a settled hostility on your part to me, and justify a return of such feelings on my part. But I had not allowed a natural resentment to gain ascendancy in my breast 'till I learned of your actions in the appointment of a post master at this place and the reasons which influenced you. There seems to be an excuse offered in your letter for your inimical course towards me in the following sentence, "It is true that for some time past an impression has been upon me that you were in opposition to my administration, and that it was not of that measured kind which results from an occasional difference of opinion, but does not disturb good wishes and desire to give support." Such an impression must have been derived from communications made to you by others, not friendly to me. It could not have been derived from my conduct on public measures. A record of that conduct is upon file in the capitol. I fearlessly and calmly appeal to it against the insinuation that I have been influenced in the least degree by personal considerations. I have rarely differed with you on questions coming before the Senate when I did not find myself sustained by some of your truest friends in their opinions and votes. When I have been compelled to differ

with you—it has been done from a high sense of duty to the country.

Upon administrative measures of a legislative character I have generally agreed with you. The chief questions upon which I have differed with you, have been questions of a purely executive character.

Your noble personal friend, Mr. Clay, a gentleman who would not flatter Caesar for his crown, can assure you that we have conversed together freely on these subjects of difference, and that they were invariably subjects of regret that we were compelled to take different views of them from those held by you. I had hoped that our personally kind relations might be maintained and made to harmonize with my independence as a public man. But if the two are inconsistent with your views, I shall adhere to my independence, and regret the loss of personal regards. I regret that you did not accede to my request to return to me my application for a military appointment for my son Dalton H. Yancey. I am inclined to consider your course in the matter as conciliatory. My self-respect however calls for a return of the application, and I renew my request. I beg you to be assured that no matter what may be our personal relations, your administration will receive from me a candid judgment and generous support so far as it is demanded by the interests of the country; while the lively recollections of former personal friendship and good deeds, will always temper any opposition which I may feel called upon to make to any of your measures or acts.

I am, Sir,

Yrs. &c. &c

(Signed) W. L. Yancey

Hon. Jeff. Davis,

&c. &c

LATER HISTORY OF MADISON COUNTY

By Thomas Jones Taylor

(Judge Taylor's "Early History of Madison County" was concluded in the Spring, 1940, issue of the *Alabama Historical Quarterly*. This installment is the second of his "Later History of Madison County", the first being in the Summer, 1941, issue of the *Quarterly*. This article first appeared in the *Huntsville Independent*, in 1883 and 1884.)

Chapter III.

Roads and Transportation.

It is an old adage that a country about which little is written is generally in a peaceful and prosperous condition. This accounts for the dearth of the written history of events transpiring in our borders from the year 1820 to 1840, and may also justify us in the conclusion that during that decade our people were in a highly prosperous condition and that nothing disturbed the tranquility that prevailed over our county, in common with the whole Tennessee valley. This period of our history was also remarkably free from political excitement, and party lines as yet had not sufficient divergence to identify the powerful political parties that afterwards divided the country, and sought to shape and control the destinies of our republic. Madison County, in the full sense of the term, was an agricultural community. Our fresh and fertile fields yielded immense crops of corn and cotton, and it was the ambition of men in every profession to own and cultivate farms. The number of owners of small farms was also rapidly increasing which materially contributed to the general prosperity of our people. In the northern and north-eastern parts of the county, where the wornout fields are uncultivated and grown over with sedge and other growth there were communities of small farmers, many of them owning no slaves, and the slaveholders usually working in the fields with their slaves. The farming interests of our people naturally awakened an interest in the question of transporting our products to market. The country was new, the few public highways but newly opened, our streams unbridged, and intercourse of the people with the county site was subject to many drawbacks and obstructions. The transportation of our heavy cotton crop to market at the lowest cost was a problem difficult of solution, and enlisted the serious attention of business men.

While salt, lumber, flour, fruit and other imported articles were readily floated down Tennessee river from its upper waters to Whitesburg and Triana, yet the carrying of cotton our great export, to market was expensive and difficult. A considerable quantity of this staple was hauled in wagons to Nashville, and the wagons returned laden with goods and merchandise for our people. But New Orleans soon became the great center of the cotton trade, where the larger portion of the cotton crop was conveyed on flatboats down the Tennessee, Ohio and Mississippi rivers by a long and tedious route to its destination. Below the Muscle Shoals there was but little trouble except in the long voyage, but here cotton shipping was attended with many vexatious delays and difficulties. The people had to haul their cotton to Tennessee river or some boatable stream emptying into it, and after their cotton was safely stowed in the large flatboats that were riding safe on the broad current of the Tennessee, they had to wait for a high tide that would carry them over the shoals, and sometimes the Spring season was nearly passed before it came. To the man who wanted to make money cotton was every thing, because there was no other product that would bear transportation as it then existed. This question originated many important enterprises, having for their object the improvement of facilities of transportation and the cheapening of the rates of carrying our enormous cotton crop to a ready market. The first of these enterprises was the formation and incorporation of the "Indian Creek Navigation Company," under the auspices of Leroy Pope, Thomas Fearn and others, to construct a canal from Huntsville Spring down Indian creek to Triana, and the "Flint River Navigation Company," whose object was to render Flint river navigable for flatboats and keel-boats from Scott's Mill (now Brownsboro) to the Tennessee. There was also an earnest effort to obtain the aid of the general government in opening the Muscle Shoals, and there was a considerable amount of money spent by the general government for that purpose. Yet, while the Indian Creek Navigation Company persevered in their undertaking and many of the original corporators were nearly reduced to bankruptcy before the enterprise was finally abandoned, and the Flint River Navigation Company kept up cotton shipments for a long time, none of these enterprises were successful, and water transportation down the Tennessee with all its old drawbacks was our great highway, until the advent of railroads revolutionized the carrying trade of the whole country.

Some of the cotton was laden on steamboats at the foot of the shoals from the flatboats, or "broad horns," as they were formerly called; but many of these flatboats were built and received their freight on the banks of Paint Rock and Flint and were unloaded at the levees of New Orleans. These boats would carry three or four hundred bales of cotton, and, the shoals once passed, they generally floated leisurely and safely down the current to their destination.

The magnificent poplars of Madison and Jackson counties furnished excellent material for gunwales, or in boatman's phraseology "boat-gunnels"; many of these trees being from eighty to ninety feet to the limbs, and growing as straight as if adjusted by a plumb line, and when cut down and split open furnished excellent material for the foundation of a flatboat. These gunwales were trimmed to a proper shape and framed on strong timber levers projecting beyond over a steep bank, and when the great frame had been well floored and calked it was moved out to the projecting ends of the levers, generally working on rollers, where it was turned over into the stream, bailed out, finished off, equipped with its rowing and steering apparatus, loaded and launched on its long voyage. If its crew were so fortunate as to pass out with a shoal tide, a licensed shoal's pilot was taken on board at Whitesburg or Decatur, and in a short time they were shooting rapidly down the tumbling shoals; now dodging a dangerous obstruction and now rounding an abrupt point, where for an instant they would appear to be rushing headlong against the frowning rocks, but at a word from the pilot an oar would dip on this side or that side, the steering oar gently touch the water, and the boat would lightly glide round the point of danger and dash at headlong speed down the raging current. The skillful and keensighted pilot and experienced oarman, with every faculty intent and alert, would finally draw a sigh of relief, as with muscles relaxed they passed into smoother waters, and finally cabled to the bank at the old city of Eastport, once a place of high renown among the river navigators, where the shoal pilot resigned his place to the river pilot.

He, before untying his cable and launching on his long voyage, inspected his craft, repaired damages, and not unfrequently took a farewell spree as the river code prohibited drunkenness while in command of a broad horn and in charge of its valuable cargo. While cotton was worth from twenty to thirty-five cents a pound

the river pilot received from one hundred and seventy-five to two hundred dollars each trip, and as the pilot in the early times frequently walked from New Orleans to Decatur and Whitesburg, and at best never made more than two trips during the freighting season, his charge was certainly not exorbitant. The expense of carrying down a boat of four hundred bales was from five to six hundred dollars, and the freight charged was from four to five dollars a bale. The trouble of transportation was not so much the expense as the delay and uncertainty, as it was not uncommon for nearly half the summer to pass before the planter could get an account of his sales from his commission merchant at New Orleans.

Cotton freighting was a lucrative business, and many of our citizens found in it the road to fortune. They sometimes built boats for shipment to Tennessee river, but they generally bought good East Tennessee boats for the shipment of cotton delivered on the Tennessee river, and employed many men in the business who made corn crops in the summer and spent the fall and winter on the river. Of the old class of cotton-freighters, Richard W. Anderson was one of the best known and one of the last survivors. He was in this business from somewhere about the year 1820 and accumulated money which being invested judiciously at the land sales of 1830 made him a wealthy man. He was a man of excellent judgment, was a good surveyor and made good investments in real estate. The Andersons were descendants of a prominent family in Maryland and there were five brothers and two sisters of the family who came here at an early day. Dr. William Anderson a well known physician who settled at Brownsboro, was of the number. He afterwards moved to Holly Springs, Miss., and for a long time was a prominent citizen of that place, where his descendants still reside. Richard W. Anderson was a noted pedestrian, and some marvelous stories of his pedestrian feats were formerly current in the county. It was said that he would frequently walk down to Whitesburg and back to Huntsville for exercise before breakfast. There was also a story in circulation that when he first embarked in the freighting business he always walked from New Orleans back to Huntsville and always came in three or four days ahead of the crowd, who never undertook to keep up with him, and that on one occasion being disgusted at the extremely low price offered him for one of his boat cables he coiled it up and stalked home on foot with it on his shoulders. After he retired

from business he generally made his home in Huntsville, where he was as much noted for his eccentricities as he was respected for his benevolence. The monument erected by him in memory of the deceased members of his family and to mark the Huntsville meridian is likely also to perpetuate his memory for many generations. Wm. B. Taber, for a long time identified with our manufacturing interests as superintendent of the Bell Factory, in which he was a stockholder, married a sister of Richard W. Anderson, and dying at Nashville, last fall, he was brought to Huntsville and buried by the side of his wife, who for nearly forty years has slept under the shadow of the Anderson monument. Richard W. Anderson died in Huntsville at a ripe old age just before the beginning of the civil war.

Chapter IV.

Election Districts and Muster Grounds.

While Alabama was a Territory the people first voted for members of the Territorial Legislature at the county site. Justices of the peace and constables were elected at the company muster-grounds, and the captains of the companies with two freeholders selected by him held the election. This law prevailed for many years after the State government was organized, and these old mustering places were the original location of many of our present voting places in the different precincts. Thus it will be seen that the division of the county into election districts originated in the old militia organization of the county, and the law of 1852 defining the boundaries of the election districts was really nothing more than locating by written law what had for a long time already been located by common consent as the limits of the different company beats. The first voting place established after Huntsville, was at Horton's Mill on Barren Fork of Flint river, nearly a mile above the bridge at the forks of the river, and for several years this place and Huntsville were the only general voting places in the county; and this did not interfere with the old district muster-grounds where justices and constables were elected. The war of 1812 and the rumor of wars after that period kept up a thoroughly military organization among our people, and the captain of a company was quite a prominent personage in his little principality, and there were generally many aspirants for military preferment at the election of military officers. In the course of time voting places were

established in the larger number of these old musterbeats for the convenience of the people in the general elections, and finally, in the year 1852, the whole county was divided into regular election districts whose boundaries were accurately defined and made a matter of record, and each designated by a permanent name instead of being known as the beat of whoever happened to be captain of the company of that district. The sixteenth sections were made the basis of these divisions, and many of the old precincts still have their old boundaries.

The largely increasing population of North Alabama made it necessary for our State Legislature to establish new voting places in different parts of the county. Our first legislature, in 1819, established six voting places in Madison county, to-wit: At Henry Brazelton's in the Big Cove, at Mayer Griffin's above Maysville, one at Major Cottrel's at Hazel Green, one at Hillsboro on Hester creek, and at Captain Leonard's above Wood's Mill on Flint river. In the year 1821 voting places were established at the house of Mr. Farley near Cluttsville, and at Capt. Jacob's near Whitesburg, and one at the house of Drury Connally near Meridianville. This made eleven voting places in the county, including Huntsville and Horton's Mill, and they were well distributed for the convenience of the people of the county. Although in general elections the people could vote at any voting place in the county, yet in elections the vote was pretty well distributed among these voting places, and the large vote hitherto polled in Huntsville steadily decreased until its vote was but slightly different in proportion to the vote now cast under the law restricting the voter to his own election district.

The old muster-grounds where the justices, constables and militia officers were elected, possessed great attraction to our fathers, and the battalion and regimental muster-grounds of sixty years ago, the one muster being in the spring and the other in the fall, were anxiously looked forward to as the time of reunion among old neighbors who had separated by moving to different parts of the county. They were accustomed to meet on these occasions, exchange greetings and discuss the news of the day. In fact, it was a very common practice in trade to make notes due and payable on muster day and there was a great deal of business transacted on such occasions, even when there was no election on hand. The business, too, was of a varied character; for instance

it was customary on this day to settle feuds of the past year in a fair, stand-up fight, and a muster rarely passed without several breaches of the peace, which generally ended with but little damage to any one. The inevitable peddler of ginger-bread was on hand generally in the form of some son of Ham, who managed to coax or hire a holiday from his master and who had generally set up the entire night before in the business of baking up a cart load of ginger-bread for the crowd on the next day. Elections in those days were of frequent occurrence, and as a consequence these old muster-grounds were much infested by candidates and whiskey flowed freely. To the little boys the muster-ground had all the attraction that the circus offers to the boys of to-day. The moving, animated crowd, formed of the flower of the chivalry of half a county like Madison, was of itself a sight worth seeing. The brigadier or major-general in his stylish new uniform, with three-cornered hat and dangling plume reviewed the troops on his prancing steed, escorted by his brilliant, well-mounted staff in holiday attire, and the farce of a drill soon over, as there seemed to be a tacit agreement to hurry through that part of the business as rapidly as possible and devote the greater part of the day to other business. It was at these musters that the alert, supple-jointed candidate was in his native element, and when he belonged to another regiment did not hesitate to take advantage of an unfortunate rival who, being subject to military duty, meekly marched in the ranks, by fascinating the fathers of the regiment by anecdote and humorous talk and frequent proffer of an exhaustless whiskey flask to those of a thirsty temperament. The eighth of January, long commemorated by our fathers, the fourth of July and regimental muster day were long and great holidays of our fathers. There were two regiments in Madison county, the Second Regiment being formed long before the State was admitted into the Union, and, as well as I can ascertain, its muster-ground was near old Blue Spring camp-ground. The other regiment (number not remembered) had its muster-ground at Henry Brazelton's in the Big Cove, and was the rallying point for the brave boys of New Madison. There were so many of these old companies that it is hard to locate the company muster-grounds, but I would fain preserve from oblivion the name of as many of these old captains of companies and their location as I have been able to gather from the meagre records on the subject. In the northern portion of the county were Captains Wm. G. Barton, Pitman Pitts, Allen Walls,

Joseph Taylor, Wm. Kirkland and Jesse Bendall. From Meridianville westward to Madison and east to Flint river, were Captains W. Graves Bouldin, Wm. M. Roper, Dudley Sale, Friley Jones, Alfred Haggard, R. B. Armistead and James Johnston. Captains John Williams, John McDougall and George Kelly, commanded companies from Hickory Flat to Bragg's; Nicholas Ware, J. J. Simmons and R. G. Hewlett commanded companies including Cedar Gap, Maysville and Brownsboro; David Lacey at Mc Nulbytown, John B. Turner at Whitesburg, Jason L. Jordan near Lanier's, Jonathan Collier and William Sutton near Collier's and Vienna, John Hill in the Big Cove, another Benjamin Clark on the Dug Hill road, and Frederick Elgin, John Harrison and Joseph Dunn around and in Huntsville.

One of the most noted military characters of that day was John K. Dunn, for a long time commander of the Madison Light Infantry Company, a roystering blade who gave himself the sobriquet of "H-1 and K Dunn." Thus it will be seen that at this time there was nearly thirty military companies, each forming a muster-beat entitled to two justices of the peace and a constable; but this number was gradually pruned down to about fourteen.

I have given the names of these old officers as a reminiscence of the olden time, and also to show that in those days the office of captain of a military company was considered an honorable and prominent position, as the older citizen will readily recognize in this list the names of many of our once prominent and respected citizens. For instance the names of the ancestors of the Wares, Hills, Taylors, Colliers, Kellys, Williamses and others, forming a large and most respectable number of the present citizens of Madison county. Of this number Dr. William Kirkland, who was a soldier of the war of 1812, was one of the latest survivors. Capt. Fred. Elgin, an old and respectable citizen of Huntsville, died some three years ago, but the latest survivor was Capt. Wm. M. Roper, who died at his residence on the Winchester road at an advanced age during the past year. He lived so long in our community and was so well known by our people and so highly respected for his many excellent christian traits of character, that I can say nothing in regard to him that is not already known to the people of the county. Capt. Joseph Taylor and Capt. Allen Walls were prominent and influential citizens; both were for many years

commissioners of roads and revenue for the county and both emigrated to Arkansas, where they died after the close of the civil war. John T. Harrison was an uncle of our townsman Perry L. Harrison and the father of Dr. Wm. Harrison, once a prominent physician of Guntersville, Alabama.

I find but little allusion to the regimental officers. Among our old militia generals were D. M. Bradford, a veteran of 1812, John Grahan and B. T. Patterson, long U. S. Marshal of this district. Of the old militia officers there are but few survivors, and if the question of seniority were to arise Gen. John M. Humphrey would claim the higher rank, but Col. Wm. C. McBroom, of Gurleysville, would probably be ranking officer by date of his commission as colonel of the gallant old militia regiment of East Madison, if not by superiority in rank.

Chapter V.

Clearing the Lands.

When our fathers came to this county it was everywhere covered with a magnificent growth of timber. Except the Chickasaw Old Fields around Whitesburg and the one solitary prairie on the Rice plantation north of Triana, which did not cover half a section of land, the forests were in their primeval state; and in order to prepare and fit the soil for farming purposes it was necessary that the land should be cleared of the gigantic forest trees that shut out the life-giving rays of the sun from the surface of the soil. In the first settlement, and until capital and slave-labor from the older States made this a possible task, the work had proceeded slowly, and a few acres here and there indicated the different settlements of the earliest pioneers in the county; and even when labor had become cheap and abundant in some part of the county, the destruction of the timber in the new grounds required many years of serious work. Girdling the timber on the new grounds was almost the universal practice and was called deadening, and a tract of land where the trees were girdled and the land not fenced or cultivated was known as a "deadening." Trees deadened in August and September did not put forth any more leaves, and by the following spring cultivation of the land might commence with a prospect of a partial crop, though cultivating such land was generally rough work, as the roots of the trees, so thickly interwoven

in the soil, made thorough cultivation and a fair return for the labor performed impossible. The timber was very seldom cut and hauled off the land, as most farmers were of the opinion that land was better on which the forest growth was allowed to remain and gradually decay. In old Madison, where large tracts of land were taken up and clearing was undertaken on a large scale, the landowners with their stalwart slaves and strong oxen and horses were able to girdle and fence large tracts in comparatively a short period of time, but the work awaiting a solitary laborer with his forty or eighty acres of virgin land covered with giant forest growth, involving the labor of clearing and fencing enough land to support his family, was a task at once arduous and laborious. At the time of which I wrote, especially east of the mountains, a large number of small farmers were clearing lands-afterwards consolidated into larger farms, and their labor fitted for cultivation many of the clean, fertile fields on which, to-day, can be seen not the least vestage (sic) of the primeval forest that once thickly covered them. After the first year's cultivation, the tall poplars and sturdy oaks, in process of decay, began to drop their smaller branches, and by the opening spring the earth was covered with their debris, that must be gathered and burnt before plowing began. In the course of another season the winds of winter prostrated the less durable and the smaller trees, and log-rolling commenced. At first this labor was not so heavy, as the logs were small and easily managed, and in a few years the taller and more durable trees, divested of bark and smaller limbs, the skeletons of the once living forest, remained. But the timber was so dense that there were immense numbers of these dead trees standing, and when, in course of time, the winds prostrated their huge trunks, their removals was a herculean task, requiring from one to two months' hard labor in the beginning of the farming season. Among the settlements of smaller farmers during log-rolling time, there was by common consent a community of labor. Every family was expected to furnish at least one good hand for a month's or six weeks' labor, and when his log-rolling day came round he expected his neighbors in person or by proxy to be on hand for business. The oak and popular timber was notched at intervals of ten or twelve feet on the logs and fire kindled on them, which being built up morning and evening, soon gnawed its way through and severed the prostrate trunk into convenient lengths for rolling. Hickories of large size were very heavy, but fortunately when partly seasoned and

once ignited they were generally consumed entirely. Just before log-rolling day, the farmer with his sharp axe inspected his new ground and severed all cuts not entirely cut off by the fire, as it was considered bad management to delay a score of men in chopping up logs on log-rolling day. It was wonderful to behold how a force of stalwart, experienced farmers would pile up the logs over acre after acre of fallen timber. They would approach the several cuts of a log, oak or poplar, stretching for sixty or seventy feet on the ground, inspect it a moment, divide into squads, turn a cut here and there into proper position, and almost as quick as though two or three large log heaps would take the place of the prostrate timbers. From sunrise until sunset, with a single hour's rest at noon, the work would go on, or until the job was completed, and every man was expected to dine and sup with his neighbor who was furnishing the day's work.

There were giants in those days, the loads the men carried with their long dogwood hand-spikes were wonderful; sometimes the logs were so large that when raised the men on either side could scarcely see over them, and to the bystander it presented the novel spectacle of a big log moving off with a row of men on one side. In this business, by long practice, our ancestors acquired a peculiar sleight in grasping the hand-spike, in balancing the body, and keeping proper step in bearing the unwieldy burden. From this branch of labor originated the phrase of "toting fair", as between men of nearly equal strength an inch or two difference in the divide of a stick gave great advantage, and where a strong man matched a weaker one it was expected to neutralize the difference in dividing the leverage of the hand-spike. The old settlers made the use of fire a valuable auxiliary in clearing up the lands in the spring, but sometimes it turned to a dangerous foe. In the spring, which in those days was generally early and warm, the logs in the fields would be piled, and through an entire settlement the logs would be fired nearly at the same time, and at night the face of the whole community would be illuminated by the blazing heaps. If the season was unusually dry, the sap of the standing timber would ignite and burn like tinder. Sometimes the wind would rise and the flying sparks would set the dead forest on fire, and the farmers would have to fight for their fences and fodder stack through the entire night among the fire and smoke and blazing and falling branches and trunks of the burning trees. A blazing

fire-brand would fall on the dry fence, the watchful farmer would come to the rescue and the rails would be scattered to the right and left out of the reach of the flames, and the danger would hardly be averted before he would have to hasten to some other point of danger. These conflagrations would sometimes spread from field to field and the whole neighborhood would come to the rescue. During the winter the dark forests would drop a thick covering of leaves over the surface of the earth and they, becoming dry in the spring would accidentally or designedly be set on fire. This fire would probably start on the mountains and night after night the bright fiery circles would increase in area until a rise or change in the wind would send them speeding down the valleys, and when they got among the canebreaks the popping of the cane would be like the collision of the skirmish lines of opposing armies. As the flames approached their fields the owners would clear long paths round their enclosures and fire would fight fire, the slower line of flame would meet the faster and with a brilliant glare on meeting would die out along the whole opposing line and the danger would be over for a season. From the first fencing of the lands until the disappearance of the original forest growth was a period of many years and involved an immense amount of manual labor. Timber at that time was of little value and to our fathers the supply seemed inexhaustible, and the amount wantonly destroyed on lands of but little agricultural value was enormous. A large area of land was cleared by non-land owners, who would take leases on forty or eighty tracts which they would clear and fence on which they would erect cabins, for the use and occupancy of the lands for from five to seven years. I can recollect many wealthy and prosperous farmers of the olden time who started in business on such leases of land, of which by years of industry and thrift, they finally became owners. From long experience and labor in making rails to fence these lands and building their tenements the early settlers attained wonderful dexterity in the use of the maul and axe, and we have authentic evidence of a single laborer splitting one thousand rails between sunrise and sunset. With a heavy Collin's axe with a helve four feet long of strong white hickory, they tackled the immense forest trees, and in an incredibly short period of time they would fell and chop them into convenient lengths for rails or boards. While it was necessary for agricultural purposes that the forest growth should be removed, yet it was a great calamity that the timber should have been wan-

tonly destroyed on lands comparatively barren, on which the timber would finally have been incalculably of more value than all the land ever produced. It is possible that denuding the land of its forest growth has made the country healthier, by removing decayed vegetable matter, that was once a fruitful source of disease, and in causing the filling up and placing in cultivation of what were once in summer stagnant ponds and lagoons, and in removing the causes of obstructions in our creeks and rivers and thus improving the drainage. Yet aside from the immense pecuniary loss to our people the wholesale destruction of our forests has in many other respects inflicted serious injury upon our county. As a consequence of the destruction of our forests, the seasons are more uncertain, springs that once furnished an abundance of water throughout the year have failed, the annual rainfall diminished and drought is more frequent. When we see the settlers on the western prairies, by judicious timber culture, restoring the forest growth and know the success of their efforts in that direction, we are convinced that the time has arrived for our people to attend to the preservation of the remnants of our once magnificent forests, and also to restore the forest growth on their worn and useless land by the planting and culture of forest trees.

Chapter VI.

1823 to 1828.

From the year 1823 to 1828, there was but little change in the condition of affairs within our borders. Our people were quietly engaged in developing the agricultural resources of the county and gradually extending the area of their farming lands, by clearing and fencing new fields. The tide of emigration that tended westward after the land sales of 1818 had reached its flood, and the decrease in the price of cotton, the great staple of the Tennessee Valley, together with depression resulting from wild speculation in public land, began to exert a depressing influence on our people. A large element in our population, consisting of small farmers, seeking cheap homes, was rapidly filling up the eastern and southeastern portion of the county, and many of them were clamoring for the final extinguishment of the title of the Cherokees to the eastern part of Madison, and the placing of the same upon the market. The older Indian line stretching across the county to the Tennessee line, northeast of New Market to Flint River above

Wood's Mill, was a barrier that could not be passed until removed by act of Congress, and the hardy pioneers who were crowding along this line looked with lingering eyes on the beautiful and fertile valleys of Flint and Hurricane, but various obstacles intervened and delayed the opportunity of possession for several years. Until the year 1822 or 23, the people east of the mountains had no public roads, and about this time a road was reviewed from Wofford's section by way of Brownsboro to meet a road coming from Woodville, the then capital of Decatur County, at the county line, which was then at the fork of the Bellefonte and Clear Creek roads west of Joe Criner's, now the Isbell place. When Decatur county was abolished, this became the great thoroughfare of travel between the counties, and the prominent attorneys of Madison county traveled over the route at least twice a year, on horse-back, to attend the Jackson county courts, and then a stage route was established, and for many years transported the mails and passengers to and fro between the county sites. About the same time, John Webster, John Fortner, Henry Brazleton and others were appointed to view and mark out a road from Huntsville across the mountain by what was then known as "Webster's Gap" to Henry Brazleton's where there was an election precinct and a regimental muster guard (sic). Shortly afterwards, Joseph Pickens and others, as commissioners, extended this road to meet a road to be opened in Decatur County to the county line, which was near the old Cobb ford.

The Madison and Whitesburg road had already been opened from the Tennessee line to Tennessee river, which was crossed by the Limestone road forming part of the old military road from Winchester to Natchez by Hazle Green. This road was also tapped at Connally by the old Winchester road running from that point by the old town of Hillsboro the then voting place of the New Market people. Below Huntsville a road had been opened through Belvin's Gap to the Big Cove, and also one from the Whitesburg road to Leemon's Ferry. The old bridges the county had built was one across Fagan's, now Dry Creek, near the site of the present bridge in the city limits on the Whitesburg pike, and a long wooden bridge across Flint river at site of old bridge at the mouth of Briar Fork which was constructed by Bennett Wood, who then lived just beyond the river and was at that time County Treasurer. The bridge was insured for many years by the builder,

who not only contracted to construct it but also gave bond to keep it in good repair for that period of time at his own expense. The records of the day show that during these years much was done in the way of facilitating communication throughout the county, and the opening of the great county thoroughfares greatly assisted in developing the business interests of our county site, and many of our merchants were building up a country trade that laid the foundation of their future prosperity. In the year 1825, William McBroom, sheriff, retired under constitutional enactment, and was succeeded by John P. Neal, who was sheriff until 1828.

In State and national politics our county still retained its prominence and the county furnished a large quota of the State's representatives in congress and in the senate. As regards United States Senators it is a remarkable fact that Madison county furnished a senator from the year 1819 to the civil war, with the exception of the term from 1842 to 1848, when Arthur P. Bagby and Dixon H. Lewis were in the senate from Middle and Southern Alabama, Dr. David Moore having been defeated by Gov. Bagby in consequence of an unfortunate division among the Democracy in the northern part of the State on local issues. As a matter of interest I give a list of our citizens either at the time or originally citizens of the county who have been United States Senators: John W. Walker, from 1819 to 1822; William Kelly, from 1822 to 1825; Henry Chambers, 1825 to 1826; John McKinley, 1826 to 1831; Gabriel Moore, 1831 to 1837; C. C. Clay, 1837 to 1843; Jere Clements, 1849 to 1853, and C. C. Clay from 1853 to 1861. Thus we see that but for the defeat of Dr. Moore in 1842 by the opposition of some Democrats from the northern portion of the State this county would have had an unbroken line of State Senators from the formation of the State Constitution in 1819 to the beginning of the civil war.

During this period there was much complaint about the court house and jail. The old square-yellow brick court house that stood a little east of the present building and which had been finished about the year 1817, though a large and imposing edifice for a new county at that time, began to get out of repair, and was deemed by many unsafe on account of the size of the rooms and the want of sufficient thickness of the walls. In the north western part of the present court house yard was the pillory, stocks and whipping post, nearly due west from the old jail that stood just out side of

the railing round the court house square, in the northeast corner of the square. The steep declivity on which the court house stood descended abruptly in the direction of the jail, which stood on nearly level ground in a kind of basin that sometimes in winter turned to a pond. The following letter from Joseph Caruthers, the jailor, and John McBroom, sheriff, will give some idea of our jail comforts at that time. This letter is dated February 7, 1825:

"To the Hon. Judge of the County Court of County Commissioners of Roads and Revenues: It becomes my duty, as the Jailor of Madison County, to inform you that the jail of said county is insufficient for the safe-keeping of the prisoners committed thereto and has been so for a number of years. Owing to the frequent attempts to break through the windows they have become insecure, and the floors of the several rooms have become quite decayed and are falling through. The roof is so bad that whenever there comes a heavy rain almost everything within the walls become entirely wet. I therefore pray you to review the same, as I believe you are by act of the legislature required to do, have the necessary repairs done, so there may not be so great a responsibility on my part for escapes.

(Signed)

John McBroom,
Sheriff."

ROBERT CARUTHERS,
Jailor .

In the month of August, 1825, John P. Neal succeeded Mr. McBroom as sheriff and soon after he went into office he wrote to the commissioners, and in his letter he says: "I call the earnest attention of the court to the insecure condition of the jail, and hereby enter my protest against it." But it was many years before the old jail and market house were torn down and a new jail built on the site of the present jail. This was owing, doubtless, to pecuniary troubles, as a committee to audit the treasurer's books from the year 1825 to 1828 reported the amount of outstanding claims against the county treasury over and above available assets (sic) at forty-four hundred and thirty-eight dollars, which claims were out in the form of county scrip and were at a heavy discount. About the year 1825, the old jail bounds that heretofore extended over an area of ten acres, were extended one mile in every direction from the jail, thus giving prisoners for debt who could give bond not to try to escape the liberty of the whole city.

From the year 1823 to 1828 there was but little change in county officers. Samuel Chapman continued Judge of the County Court and Thos. Brandon Clerk, and Lemuel Mead Clerk of the Circuit Court. The Court of County Commissioners, being elected every two years, underwent some changes. Gross Scruggs served as commissioner for the greater portion of this period, and the office was filled by Thomas McGee, Joseph Pickens, Stephen Biles, Samuel Walker, James McCartney and Geo. T. Jones—all of whom are well remembered by the old citizens of the county. Thomas McGee was then getting to be an old man, and lived near what is now known as the old Driskell place, on the Tennessee line. Joseph Pickens lived in the Big Cove, and was long one of the most popular and influential men in New Madison, noted for his kindness of heart and unstinted hospitality. Geo. T. Jones, who lived on Mountain Fork, was a man of more than ordinary talent, who frequently represented our county in the legislature, where his good sense and sound judgment made him prominent. He was a progressive and successful planter, and aside from public duties, by thrift and industry, accumulated a handsome property. But of the body of able men who served as commissioners during this period James McCartney was by far the most prominent. Coming here about the year 1810 without capital, he entered on a career of successful speculation in which he distanced all competitors, and had his years been prolonged he would doubtless have been one of the wealthiest men in the State. When about nineteen years old he married Eliza Allen, a most estimable lady, and a sister of the Rev. John Allen, who for a period of many years was the venerated pastor of the Presbyterian Church of this city. In the land sales of 1830 James McCartney invested heavily, and had he lived to reap the fruit of his investments would have realized an immense profit from his ventures. He was also an extensive and progressive farmer, and was far ahead of public sentiment on the erection of cotton factories, and at the time of his death, in 1833, before he had reached his fiftieth year, he was devising plans for the erection of an extensive cotton factory on Flint River, which, under his management, would doubtless have greatly added to the material prosperity of our county.

During this period North Alabama still held the supremacy in the councils of the State. Nich. Davis, of Limestone, who became the leader of the old Whig party in North Alabama, was

President of the State Senate from 1823 to 1827, and during the same period Samuel Walker, William Kelly and C. C. Clay of Madison, were speaker of the Lower House, except for the years 1826 and 1827, when the speaker's chair was filled by Samuel W. Oliver of Conecuh county. James J. Pleasants was Secretary of State from 1821 to 1824. Henry Minor was first Circuit Judge of this District, and then reporter for the Supreme Court. In 1825 Jno. M. Taylor succeeded him as Circuit Judge, Jno. M. Taylor was a man of versatile talents, being at one and the same time merchant, preacher and lawyer. As a merchant he was a failure, but he was an eloquent preacher and a brilliant lawyer. From the year 1823 to 1827, James G. Birney was Solicitor for our Judicial district, and was then a popular and talented lawyer, and when he sold out his property and went north, to become a leader in the old Abolition party and its first candidate for the Presidency, he voluntarily abandoned a career that promised him a brilliant political and professional future in our State.

Chapter VII.

Merchants of Madison County, 1820 to 1830.

The decade in our history of which I am now writing witnessed a great development of the mercantile business of the county. Many of the successful and prosperous merchants of the time had commenced business here at an early period, and from small beginnings were now fairly launched in successful and profitable business. During the prosperous era in the Tennessee Valley from the war of 1812 to the period of which I write, they had kept pace with the country's progress and established their business on a sure foundation. While some of the pioneer merchants had retired from business, and others had sought new fields of enterprise, an unusually large proportion of them were here actively engaged in business, and for many years were prominent business men in our community, and are well remembered by our old citizens. Of the number who came here at the first settlement of the country, Alexander Gilbreath, the first of the number who commenced business in Huntsville, had removed south of the river where many of his family still reside. Luther and Calvin Morgan and Samuel Morgan went to Nashville, and if I mistake not one of them was the ancestor of Gen. John H. Morgan, so famous as a cavalry officer during the civil war. Samuel Morgan engaged

in business in Nashville, Tennessee, and was for nearly a quarter of a century a prominent and successful merchant in that city. Concerning Joshua Falconer, John P. Hickman, Neal B. Rose and Philip Foote, well known merchants in Huntsville before Alabama was a State, I have but little information, and I believe there are no representatives of their names now in the county.

But many of these old merchants lived and prospered and died at an advanced age in this community, and their families are largely represented in our county. I propose to devote this article to their memory. I regret that my sources of information are so meagre, as a recital of their struggles and trials and final success would be an interesting theme. Before the State was organized and when the Cherokees were east of us and the Chickasaws were west, the traffic with the Indians was an important part of the city's trade, and it was nothing uncommon for forty or fifty Indians from Tennessee river to march into the city and spend a day or two trafficking and bartering with the merchants. I can recollect many of the old merchants, and their tales of the olden time, when they travelled to Philadelphia and New York on horseback and by stage, were of the most thrilling character. They swam their horses across the swollen and unbridged watercourses, and traversed the Cumberland ridge in parties, as a precaution against robberies that sometimes occurred in the mountain solitudes. Some of them actually loaded wagons with their goods in the northern cities and conveyed them over the long and tedious journey to Huntsville. They were a most remarkable race of men, wise, prudent and courageous, never discouraged by difficulties nor dismayed by toil or danger. I have in previous articles briefly referred to some of them, and at the risk of repetition I again return to them. Among the early settlers, Stephen Ewing, James White, James Clemens, Andrew Beirne, William Patton, John Read and D. N. Bradford commenced business here at an early date, and were long well known and successful merchants. Among the number who commenced business from 1820 to 1830 and became prominent in our mercantile community were Frank T. Mastin, Wm. H. Powers, B. M. Lowe and O. D. Sledge. Stephen Ewing was one of the earliest of our merchants, and was for a long time engaged in an extensive business. He belonged to the old and distinguished family of Ewings that had since furnished so many prominent men in the States of Tennessee, Kentucky and Ohio,

and was an honorable representative of a remarkable family. With but little capital, he commenced business in a small way, trading in salt and flour between Whitesburg and Huntsville, and won his way to fortune by untiring industry, sound common sense and unswerving integrity. James Clemens was also an early settler and a successful merchant. A man of sound judgment, fine business capacity and imposing appearance, though somewhat reserved in manner, his success was due more to native talent and thrift than to personal popularity. He was the father of Jere Clemens, one of the most brilliant, eloquent and popular politicians of his time. James White and Andrew Beirne were Virginia gentlemen, of the old school, both scions of old and influential families of the Old Dominion, with many of the virtues of the vices of that splendid type of the Anglo American known as the Old Virginia cavalier stock. James White was for a time in partnership with Alexander Gilbreath, the pioneer merchant in the county. James White was a man of considerable means and invested largely in real estate, owning with other property a fine body of land on both sides of Tennessee river near Whitesburg, which town received its name from him. He was blessed with a large family, of which Thomas W. White and Gen'l Ad. White are the representatives in Alabama, many of his descendants living in Virginia, where the family owned a large property. Of the family of Andrew Beirne, Col. Geo. P. Beirne was the only male representative, and at his death the name became extinct in our county. Col. Geo. P. Beirne was a worthy representative of a noble race, and will long live in the memory of our people, and in connection with this allusion to his father I take the liberty of quoting the following eloquent portrayal of his character from an address to the Huntsville bar in August, 1881, by one who knew him well! "He was as marked and distinguished among his fellow men for his personal appearance as for the attributes of his mind. He was a man of striking personal appearance. A tall and commanding figure, indicative of great strength, and a face of finely marked and manly features, with a broad forehead, a heavy brow and a large and lustrous eye. His face was an index of his character and frankness as a man. In its expression was reflected as distinctly the varied emotions of his nature as the mirror reflects the features of the face. In all the walks of life he exemplified in a high degree that order of refinement and that type of civilization of which we are so justly proud, and by precept and example he exerted

an influence rarely felt. A more touching and eloquent tribute could not be paid to any man than to say what can truthfully be said of him, that he will be missed, and his memory cherished sacredly by those who most need an unselfish friend, the widow and orphan."

William Patton, the other member of the old firm of Bierne and Patton, was of Irish descent, and he possessed in a high degree the rare business endowments that form the character of the model merchant. He was at once merchant, manufacturer and farmer combined, and was remarkably successful in whatever he undertook. His cotton gin was one of the first erected in the city, if not the first, and it is said that his son, ex-Governor R. M. Patton, now a man advanced in years, is wont to boast that he was the pioneer gin driver of Madison county. William Patton's first gin stood south of Walker street and east of Meridian Pike, and the motive power is said to have been an old-fashioned one-horse tread-wheel power, and it was the business of the future Governor to keep the old horse that furnished the power to his work. William Patton had a natural turn for machinery, and owned several mill sites on which he experimented more or less. At length he became associated in business with J. J. Donegan, an Irishman also, who became one of the leading merchants of the period. Patton, Donegan & Co. finally became sole owners of the excellent water power at and above the Bell Factory on Flint river, which was for a long time the site of the most important cotton factory in North Alabama. It is my impression that James Manning was also in the mercantile business, though he was also an opulent planter. He belonged to the celebrated colony from Petersburg, Georgia. These colonists had come from Virginia to Georgia, and named their new place of settlement Petersburg, after the old Virginia home, and a large number of them came from Georgia to Alabama about the year 1809 or '10. Among the number were the Popes, Walkers, Bibbs, Manning and Coxs, all of whom became more or less prominent in the new country. James Manning is said to have been a man of high culture, and his talent was inherited by his descendants, among whom were the Lowes and Congressman Van Manning, of Mississippi. His son, R. J. Manning, commenced business here and rose like a rocket, but lacking the judgment of the older merchants, he made a disastrous failure. In his palmy days of prosperity he placed the well-known "Manning money" in circulation at one time as current as a modern

national bank note, and erected one of the most costly residences in the city, on the north of Holmes street, which afterwards became the residence of Dr. David Moore. John Read, one of the oldest merchants in the city, was clerk in the land office when it was removed to Huntsville in 1811, and he was for over forty years a merchant in the town. Francis T. Mastin was from an old and respectable Maryland family, and after living in Virginia for many years came to this county about the year 1826. He was a man of fine business capacity; he accumulated a large property enjoyed an enviable reputation in the community which his descendants have maintained down to the third generation. He was the last survivor of the noble fraternity who left the indelible impression of their high character on the citizens of this town. B. M. Lowe also came here during his period, and was rapidly advancing to the foremost position among our merchants that he held for ten years. He became exceedingly popular, and among other offices he was elected Major-General of the militia of that time, considered an exalted and honorable position. Gen'l Lowe married a daughter of James Manning and raised a family noted for culture and refinement. His daughters were intellectual and accomplished. Robert J. Lowe, one of the most brilliant of our young men, died during the first year of the civil war, and the intellectual power and magnetic influence over the people of our late Congressman, William M. Lowe, the youngest of the family, was freely conceded by his most bitter political opponents and at the time of his sudden death his reputation had become national. William H. Powers, long a conspicuous figure in business circles also commenced business here before the year 1830. He labored under the then disadvantage of northern birth and under a reserved manner and brusque speech and deportment he concealed a liberal and benevolent nature. He was an old line Whig and a strong Union man, but when the war commenced he warmly sympathized with the cause of the south. During the war he went north to his native State, and many unfortunate Confederates immured in Northern prisons were recipients of his bounty and he is held in grateful remembrance by many survivors of the war who doubtless owed their lives to his prompt and judicious aid. After the war closed he returned to the city to which he was bound by so many ties of confidence and friendship, and died at an advanced age, honored and respected by our people.

In closing these sketches of our old merchants, I can but express regret that I know so little of them, and the little that I do know of them has mostly been handed down to the present time by tradition.

(To be continued.)

DIARY OF CAPTAIN EDWARD CRENSHAW OF THE CONFEDERATE STATES ARMY

(The final part of the diary will be published in the Winter issue of the *Quarterly*.)

Friday, 16th. December, 1864.

Cloudy and pleasant. In company with Captain Holmes spent the day with Sergeant Shirley of Pogue's battalion of artillery a few miles below here. We had an excellent dinner, and returned to our command late in the evening. No news of importance today, except that Fort McAllister had been carried by assault, and it was supposed by a part of Sherman's army which will put him in communication with the fleet, and settles beyond a doubt his safe arrival at the coast of Georgia.

Saturday, 17th.

Clear and warm. Nothing new to-day. On duty as officer of the day. Lieut. Bradford, commanding the Marine Guard of the "Chickamauga" now Mat Wilmington paid us a visit to-day. He will return on the 19th, inst. 2nd Lieut. E. R. Smith received orders, this evening to go to Charleston.

Sunday, 18th.—

Clear and pleasant. No news. Remained in my quarters all day. Did not go to church. Sent ten dollars in gold to Sergeant Smith of the Marine Guard of the "Tallahassee", by Lieutenant Bradford which I borrowed from his while I was on the "Tallahassee."

1864. December;

Monday, 19th.—

Cloudy and cool. It is reported in the Yankee papers that Hood was badly defeated before Nashville by Gen. Thomas with the loss of many prisoners and guns, on the 15th, and 16th of this month. The news is very discouraging. Saturday morning, last, Mr. Foote of Tenn. made a speech in Congress on the currency bill, saying 'that if it did not pass he would despair of our cause.' He drew a gloomy picture of the present state of affairs, and denounced the President, and some act that had been passed by Congress in session. He said 'that events would probably happen in the next ten days, resulting from what had already been done that would compel him as a freeman to leave Congress; that he

did not know how to legislate in chains; and that the liberty of the press would be stopped by the same causes' &c.

A very unwise speech to say the least of it.

Tuesday, 20th.—

Clear and cold. Nothing new to-day. 2nd Lieut. E. R. Smith left for Charleston, this morning. Mr. Wm. C. Rives, of Virginia, made a noble and eloquent speech, in Congress, on the Currency Bill yesterday. He spoke in favour of the Currency Bill and highly complimented Mr. Secretary Trenholm. He also made some noble and eloquent remarks on the state of the country. He spoke hopefully of our cause. His speech was worth of a Roman Senator. Reinforcements have been passing through Richmond all day going South.

1864. December,

Wednesday, 21st.—

Cold and cloudy; rained all day. On duty at the wharf and as officer of the day. No news or reports to day, except the report that Gen. Breckinridge had defeated the Yankee General Burbridge in Southwestern Virginia. My application for the withdrawal of my resignation as captain in the 58th, Ala. Reg't was returned to day with this endorsement:

"To justify the allowance of this application a letter should accompany it proceeding from the officers of the company & of the regiment expressing their consent and approbation to the appointment should accompany it.

By order

(Signed) J. A. Campbell

19 D 1864

A. S. W."

Thursday, 22nd.—

Clear and cold. No news to-day, except that an immense fleet under Admiral Porter and Ben. Butler sailed from Fortress Monroe to attack Wilmington. At last accounts some of the fleet had appeared off Wilmington. Visited Richmond today; got aground in the river and did not reach the city until 2 o'clock. Returned in the evening on the cars.

Friday, 23rd.—

Clear and cold; nothing new. Remained in camp all day. 1st Lieut. F. H. Cameron returned today, from absence on leave. Sent

John on his way home this morning. Sent my valise by him with some things for Pa. and Ma. Gave him fifty dollars to help pay his way.

1864. December,

Saturday, 24th.—

Clear and cold. No news to-day. On duty as officer of the day. 2nd Lieut. Thomson left this post on forty days' leave this morning; he lives in Mississippi. Sent my application to withdraw my resignation, to be mailed by him in Montgomery to Col. Jones.

Sunday, 25th.—

Christmas, but very unlike Christmas. There was no good cheer to raise our drooping spirits; no reunion of friends around the old family hearth; no thanksgiving and pouring out the soul in worship to God; but the day has been gloomy and cheerless to me. Father of mercies, grant that, the next Christmas, we may be all allowed to reunite around our family firesides! Passed the entire day in my quarters in silent meditation. There was no good news from our armies to cheer me. But the blessed Thought that God, in his infinite mercy, gave his only begotten son as an atonement for our sins, cheers me and gives me new life. I will not despair when we have such a God to aid us; for he has said that he will protect the weak and aid those who are deserving and he will hear the prayers of those who call on him in an humble and contrite spirit.—He will do what is best for us; his will will be done and not that of our enemies.

Monday, 26th.—

Cloudy and rainy. No news to-day. Dined with Serg't Shirley of Lt. Col. Pogue's Artillery Battalion. Col. Pogue himself dined with us. We had a good dinner and egg-nog. I found Col. Pogue to be a well informed gentleman. I enjoyed my visit very much. I returned to my quarters late in the evening, feeling very much fatigued.

Tuesday, 27th.—

Cloudy and warm. On duty as Officer of the Day. The Currency Bill passed Congress yesterday. A telegram from Wilmington says that the enemy attacked Fort Fisher, and under fire of their fleet landed three brigades two and a half miles from the fort and made an assault upon it; but were repulsed. Savannah

has been evacuated without any loss. No news from Gen'l Hood. The people seem to be getting over the depression caused by Hood's defeat and Sherman's successful march through Georgia. Lieutenant Thursday had an egg-nog this evening.

Wednesday, 28th.—

Cloudy and rain to-day. Gen. Bragg telegraphs from Wilmington that the enemy were repulsed in their attack on Fort Fisher, and had re-embarked; but that their next movement had not been developed. Remained in my quarters all day.

Thursday, 29th.—

Cloudy and cold; it was sleeting all day. Went to Richmond and returned in the evening. Drew one month's pay to and including December 1st. No news to-day.

Friday, 30th.—

Clear and cold. The Yankee fleet that was engaged in the attack upon the forts defending the mouth of the Cape Fear River has sailed away; and on the same day, three steamers ran the blockade with stores for the Confederate Government. Read some interesting articles in the "Eclectic Magazine". I extract the following:

"Personal Recollections, &c. of the late Lady Blessington" by P. G. Patmore.

'Listening is the happiest and most indispensable of all the talents which go to constitute a good talker; for any talk that is not the actual and immediate result of listening, is at once a bore and an impertinence.'

'One of Lady Blessington's attractions * * * * * was that strong personal interest which she felt, and did not scruple to evince, on every topic on which she was called upon to busy herself—whether it was the fashion of a cap, or the fate of nations.' 'Lady Blessington was a beautiful and fascinating woman; perhaps the loveliest woman of her day.' (1818 to 1849).

"The Fatherless"

"Speak softly to the fatherless!
And check the harsh reply
That sends the crimson to the cheek,
The tear-drop to the eye.
They have the weight of loneliness
In this rude world to bear;
Then gently raise the fallen bud,
The drooping floweret spare,
Speak kindly to the fatherless!
The lowliest of their band
God keepeth, as the waters,
In the hollow of his hand,
'Tis said to see life's evening sun
Go down in sorrow's shroud,
But sadder still when morning's dawn
Is darkened by the cloud.

Look mildly on the fatherless!
Ye may have power to wile
Their hearts from sadden'd memory
By the magic of a smile.
Deal gently with these little ones,
Be pitiful, and He
The friend and father of us all
Shall gently deal with thee!

"The Shadow of the Past"

Oh! joy to the spring-tide sun,
For it opens the buds to leaves,
And it makes sweet climbers run
With their fragrance over the eaves;
And it calls glad birds about
To sing new songs of praise;
Oh joy to the Spring, but it cannot bring
The joy of by-gone days!

I think on the Past with a thought
 That paineth the bosom sore :
 A face, a form, to my mind is brought,
 Which my eyes can never see more !
 I hear a kind word said
 By a tongue that is mute and cold ;
 I feel the clasp of a hand, now dead
 And withering in the mould !

But the thought of friendship changed
 Is worse than a dream of the dead ;
 And I think of the dear estranged
 Till reason, with peace, seems fled.
 There are hearts that loved*me once,
 There are hands that once caress'd,
 That are colder now than the frost on the bough
 That killeth the bird in its nest !”

Saturday, 31st.—

Cloudy and cold. Heavy fall of snow. Went to Richmond in the morning and returned in the evening. Made purchases in the market for a new-year's dinner. No news to-day.
 1865. January,

Sunday, 1st.—

Clear and cold; much snow on the ground. We had a good dinner to-day. Had several friends to dine with us. Passed the day very pleasantly. It was rumoured to-day that Gen. Hood had turned on Gen. Thomas and defeated him. I hope it is true. All quiet along our lines in this neighborhood. Have not heard from home in a long time.

Monday, 2d.—

Clear and cold. Snow still covering the ground. No duty as officer of the day and at the wharf. No news to cheer the advent of the new-year except the repulse of the Yankee 'Armada' at Fort Fisher.

Tuesday, 3rd.—

Cloudy and cold. Snowed again to-day. No news to-day. Went to Richmond and returned in the evening. Received a polite note from Miss Clara Campbell inviting me, in behalf of

her sister, to a small party at Judge Campbell's this evening. I intended to return to Richmond in the evening and avail myself of this kind invitation; but there was such a heavy snow falling in the evening, that I was afraid to venture out in it.

Wednesday, 4th.—

Clear and cold. Ground covered with snow—looks very picturesque and beautiful. Sent a polite note to Miss Clara Campbell acknowledging and regretting my not being able to accept her invitation in behalf of her sister. Nothing new to-day.

Thursday, 5th.—

Clear and cold; snow still covering the ground. No news to-day. On duty as officer of the day. Received a letter from Mother dated 15th, ultimo, saying that Pa. and Uncle Fred. had joined a cavalry company of Reserves, and that the company had been ordered out by the Governor in anticipation of a Yankee raid on Mobile and Pollard, Alabama. All were well at home.

Friday, 6th.—

Cold and rainy all day. Went to Richmond in the morning and returned in the evening. Called at Judge Campbell's; saw Mrs. Lay and Miss Clara Campbell; enjoyed my visit very much. Bought a gallon of Sorghum Molasses at a wholesale grocer's for our mess, and paid \$40, for it.

Saturday, 7th.—

Clear and Cold in the morning; cloudy and cold in the evening, rained some. When Gen. Wood's Army was last heard from it was at Corinth, Mississippi. He telegraphs that he has suffered no material loss since the battle before Nashville.

Sunday, 8th.—

Clear and cold. No news to-day. On duty as officer of the day, and officers at the wharf, Lieutenant Butt of the Navy visited us to-day and dined with us. Did not go to church; but read my bible in my quarters.

Monday, 9th.—

Clear and pleasant. Nothing new; Gen. Hood's official report of the battle of Nashville has been received saying that he lost 50 pieces of Artillery and one Maj. Gen. Ed. Johnson and two Brigadier Generals captured; that his loss in killed and wounded was not heavy; and that the number of prisoners was unknown. Re-

ceived a long letter from Pa. and one from Uncle Ed. Crenshaw. Answered Pa's letter at once.

1865 January,

Tuesday, 10th.—

Cloudy, and rained all day; quite warm for this climate. No news to-day. Every thing looks gloomy, and every one seems to be low-spirited. The "Richmond Examiner" continues to be very severe on the President, and blames him for our disasters—very unjustly I think.

Thursday, 12th.—

Clear and cold. No news to-day. Went to Richmond to-day and returned in the evening. Colonel Terrett Commanding Post at Drewry's Bluff returned in company with me; he had been absent for the last two or three weeks on leave.

Friday, 13th.—

Clear and cold. A considerable freshet in the James River for the last two or three days; it has been very high. All of our wharves at Drewry's Bluff are under the water. Francis P. Blair Sr. has arrived in Richmond—it is reported that he comes on a Peace mission. On duty as Officer of the Day and at the wharf. Received a letter from Uncle Tom Crenshaw. All well at home. Very poor crops were made last year at home.

Saturday, 14th.—

Clear and warm. No news to-day. Remained in camp all day, superintending the making of a trunk for my books and papers. No news from my old regiment. Saw by the papers that my old friend and commander, Col. Murphy of the 17th Ala. was missing at the Battle of Franklin. I hope that he was not killed; but captured; he was always very kind to me.

Sunday, 15th.—

Clear and pleasant; no news to-day. Remained in camp all day.

"We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best."

"The busy world shoves angrily aside
The man who stands with arms a-kimbo set,
Until occasion tells him what to do;
And he who waits to have his task marked out,
Shall die and leave his errand unfulfilled."

"I envy no quality of mind or intellect in others—not of genius, power, wit, or fancy; but if I could choose what would be most delightful, and, I believe, most useful, to me, I should prefer a firm religious belief, to every other blessing, for it makes life a discipline of goodness, creates new hope, when earthly hopes vanish, and throws over the decay, the destruction, of existence, the most gorgeous of all light; awakens life, even in death, and, from decay, calls up beauty and divinity; makes an instrument of torture and shame the ladder of ascent to Paradise, and, far above all combination of earthly hopes, calls up the most delightful visions—palms and amaranths, the gardens of the blessed, the security of everlasting joys, where the sensualist and the skeptic view only gloom, decay, and annihilation." Sir Hamphey Davy.

"Be careful of whom you speak, and how, and when, and where."

"Then none was for a party;
Then all were for the state;
Then the great man helped the poor,
And the poor man loved the great;
Then lands were fairly portioned;
Then spoils were fairly sold;
The Romans were like brothers,
In the brave days of old.' "

Monday, 16th.—

Clear and pleasant. Remained in camp all day. The Yankees captured Fort Fisher and most of its garrison last night; having bombarded it furiously all day with their fleet, they made an assault upon it in the evening with their infantry, which had landed five miles from the fort, and were repulsed, but at 10 o'clock at night they succeeded in taking it. No particulars given. Many peace rumors afloat in Richmond. Nothing new from Gen. Hood's army except the Yankee report that they are going into winter quarters at Corinth, Miss.

Tuesday, 17th.—

Clear and pleasant. No news from any part of the Confederacy today. On duty to day.

Wednesday, 18th.—

Clear and pleasant. Nothing new to-day. On duty to-day.

1865. January,

Thursday, 19th.—

Clear and cold. Went to Richmond to-day, and returned in the evening. Heard a great many peace rumours, arising from the presence in Richmond during the last few days of Mr. Francis P. Blair, Sr. and Gen. Singleton of Illinois, reputed peace commissioners; but the Northern papers say unauthorized to treat for peace.

Friday, 20th.—

Unpleasant weather. No news from any point.

Saturday, 21st.—

Unpleasant weather; wet and disagreeable. No news to-day. On duty.

Sunday, 22d.—

Clear and cold. It is reported that our iron-clad fleet are to go down the river to-night or tomorrow night.

Monday, 23rd.—

Clear and cold; nothing new to-day. Remained in camp all day.

Tuesday, 24th.—

Clear and cold. On duty as Officer of the day. Our iron-clad fleet went down the river last night, and passed Signal Hill without any damage. They have been fighting heavily all day at the Yankee obstructions below Howlet's Battery. The small wooden gunboat Drewry was brown up. No further news, except the report that only one of our iron-clads can get through the Yankee obstructions.

1865. January.

Wednesday, 25th.—

Clear and cold. Our fleet came back to their old anchorage last night, without having accomplished any thing. They were

very roughly handled, and had a good many officers and men killed and wounded. Received a letter from Mother yesterday. Mr. Blair is in Richmond again. Yesterday our batteries on the North Side opened on Fort Harrison and kept up a brisk fire for a short time.

Thursday, 26th.—

Clear and cold. Went to Richmond to-day and returned in the evening. Mr. F. P. Blair, Sr. went North yesterday. There are many rumours with regard to the proposition that he made to President Davis; but as he does not appear to have had any authority to treat for peace, I shall not take the trouble to mention any of them. Wrote to Mother. Mailed several Richmond papers to Pa.

Friday, 27th.—

Clear and cold. No news to-day. Remained in camp all day. Did nothing besides reading the papers, and visiting my brother officers.

Saturday, 28th.—

Clear and very cold. No news to-day. On duty as officer of the day.

Sunday, 29th.—

Clear and very cold. Hon. A. H. Stephens, Hon. R. M. T. Hunter, and Hon. Jno. A. Campbell, Peace Commissioners left Richmond for Washington to-day. They will go through our lines at Petersburg.

1865. January,

Monday, 30th.—

Clear and very cold. No news to-day; but many wild rumours about peace. Gold has been worth nearly one hundred for one, and is now worth over 40 for one. The river has been frozen over for the last two or three days and consequently the boats cannot run between this place and Richmond.

Tuesday, 31st.—

Clear and cold. No news to-day. Went to Richmond today and returned in the evening. On account of the river being frozen over the boats could not run and I had to walk going and coming.
February,

Wednesday, 1st.—

Clear and cold. No news to-day. Went to Richmond to-day and returned in the evening. Received a letter from Mother to-day.

Thursday, 2d.—

Clear and cold. Nothing new. Mr. Shippey, master C.S.N., and an old friend of mine staid with me this evening and to-night. He is ordered on a secret expedition with Lieut. Reed, C.S.N. and Lieut. Thurston, C.S.M.C. and 100 sailors and marines. On duty as officer of the day.

Friday, 3rd.—

Clear and cold. Nothing new. Lieut. Reed and his party left at daylight. They intend to go around the left flank of Grant's army.

Saturday, 4th.—

Clear and cold. Nothing new. On duty as officer of the day.

Sunday, 5th.—

Clear and cold. Our peace commissioners have returned. They went as far as Fortress Monroe, where they were met by President Lincoln and Secretary Seward, with whom they had a long interview. The result was unfavourable to us as was expected. President Lincoln refused to treat with the Confederate States while in arms. He requires us to lay down our arms and submit before he will make any terms with us. And before we do this I hope that we will fight until the last man, woman, and child in the South is slain. Better death than dishonor.

Monday, 6th.—

Clear and pleasant. No news to-day. Remained in camp all day. Went to church yesterday.

Tuesday, 7th.—

Clear and cold. Snowed last night. On duty as officer of the day and at the wharf. There was some heavy fighting on Gen. Lee's extreme right yesterday. Two divisions of Gordon's Corps and one of A. P. Hill's were engaged. Gen. Pegram was killed and Gen. Sorrel was wounded. Our troops drove the enemy into their entrenchments.

Wednesday, 8th.—

Clear and cold. Snow covering the ground. No news to-day.

Thursday, 9th.—

Clear and very cold. Went to Richmond to the Grand Mass Meeting of the people of Richmond, called for to express their feelings at the insult offered to the Confederate States by President Lincoln, in his ultimatum to our Commissioners in Hampton Rhodes a few days ago, which ultimatum was, "Submission or Subjugation."

There was an immense crowd present. Hon. R. M. T. Hunter, Hon. Hugh Sheffey, Hon. J. P. Benjamin, and other prominent gentlemen addressed the meeting. I was particularly struck with Mr. Benjamin's manner and voice. He is a beautiful speaker. He advised that negroes be made soldiers, and that the Government take possession of all the resources in the Confederacy and use them to gain our independence. It being late I left just before the close of his speech.

Friday, 10th.—

Clear and cold. No news to-day. Remained in camp all day. Finished reading last night a book written by Rev. Charles Kingsley, called "Two Years Ago." An abolition tale in which miscegenation with the black race is openly advocated.

Saturday, 11th.—

Clear and cold. No news to-day.

1865. February,

Sunday, 12th.—

Clear and cold. No news to-day. Received orders to report to-morrow, to Flag Officer Mitchell of the James' River Squadron to relieve 1st Lieut. Gwyn, in command of the Marine Guard attached to the C.S. Iron-Clay Steamer Virginia.

Monday, 13.—

Clear and cold. No news to-day. Reported for duty—to relieve Lieut. Gwyn—to Flag Officer Mitchell, in the evening. Was ordered to report to Lieut. Comm'd'g Dunnington of the Iron-clad Virginia. Do not like life on an iron-clad. There is not air nor ventilation, nor light enough.

Tuesday, 14th.—

Clear and cold. The river has been frozen over again for the last two or three days. Visited my friends at Drewry's Bluff to-day, and returned to the ship in the evening.

Wednesday, 15th.—

Clear and cold. Nothing new to-day. Went on picket last night, with one midshipman, four seamen, and two marines, on the South bank of the river below "Signal Hill". Nothing unusual occurred during my tour of duty. Returned to the ship at daylight. The exchange of prisoners has been renewed again. Several boat loads our men and Yankees have passed the squadron going up and down the river to-day.

Thursday, 16th.—

Clear and cold. We heard to-day that Armiral Semmes is to relieve Flag Officer Mitchell in command of this Squadron.

1865. February,

Friday, 17th.—

Cloudy and rainy. Visited my friends at Drewry's Bluff to-day. Captain Meire, who is stationed at Mobile, and is one of the best officers in our corps, was there to-day on a visit. Returned to the ship in the evening. Received an order saying that my guard would be relieved and that Capt. Simms would furnish me with a new guard from Drewry's Bluff. No news to-day.

Saturday, 18th.—

Clear and cold. It is reported to-day that Columbia has been evacuated by our troops. Went on picket on the South bank of the river last night. It rained on me, and as I had no shelter, I had a very disagreeable time. Left my post at day light and reached the ship about 7 A.M. One of our 'flag of truce' steamers, while coming up the river yesterday, was blown up and totally destroyed by one of our own torpedoes, (it is supposed), a few miles below here, and four lives were lost. Received my new guard on board to-day, and sent away the old one under charge of 2nd Lt. Pearson, who brought down the new guard. Rear Admiral Semmes relieved Flag Officer Mitchell in command of this squadron. He was received with all the customary honors, the marines presenting arms, &c. My guard also presented arms to Flag Officer Mitchell when he left the ship. I now have 2 non-commissioned officers, 2 musicians, and 12 privates in my guard.

Sunday, 19th.—

Clear and cold. Bad news from South Carolina: Columbia has been evacuated by our troops and taken by Sherman. Clear and cold. Went to Drewry's Bluff to-day with Dr. Goldsborough. I have not heard from home in a long time, and now that all communication is cut, I do not know when I shall hear again. Gen. Johnston's report of the operations of the "Army of Tennessee" from the evacuation of Dalton up to the time that he was relieved has been published. It appears from it that he was very unjustly treated by the President in being relieved when he was about to reap the fruits of his strategy; but President Davis said, when he sent the report to the Senate, that it would be unjust to publish it without the accompanying correspondence. It would be very unjust to blame President Davis without knowing all the facts of the case.

Monday, 20th.—

Clear and pleasant. A beautiful day. No news to-day.

Tuesday, 21st.—

Cloudy and cold. Went on picket last night. No news to-day.

Wednesday, 22nd.—

Clear and pleasant. Went to Richmond to-day. No news to-day.

Thursday, 23rd.—

Clear and cold. Stayed in Richmond last night with Cadet Hallam of the Regular Army. Saw at the Spotswoods Hotel, yesterday evening, Alfred Scott, just returned from a Yankee prison as a paroled prisoner. He is a Virginian by birth but has a plantation close to my Father's in Butler County and married a Miss Taylor in Greenville, and was living there at the commencement of the War, when he joined the 9th Ala. Reg't. He was captured at Hatcher's Run a few weeks ago. I went with him last night to his uncle's Mr. T. Daniels'; spent a very pleasant evening. Returned to the ship this morning. No news to-day.

Friday, 24th.—

Cloudy and rainy. The river is high and still rising. No news to-day. Went on picket last night.

Saturday, 25th.—

Cloudy and rainy. River still rising. No news to-day.

Sunday, 26th.—

Clear and beautiful. River very high but beginning to fall. No reliable news to-day but many rumors—some of them very unpleasant ones to us. Visited my friends Lt. Barboult & Dr. Goldsboro of the Navy and 2nd Lt. Eggleston of the Marines on board the C.S. ironclad "Fredericksburg."

1865. February,

Monday, 27th.—

Cloudy and rainy. No news of importance. Gen. Johnston has been restored to command again, and put in command of Gen. Beauregard's army, it is reported at his (Beauregard's) own request.

Tuesday, 28th.—

Cloudy and rainy during the day. Clear and beautiful during the night. No news to-day. Many unreliable rumors afloat. Lieutenant Trigg returned to the Ship to-day from an expedition, having been absent for some weeks. Received a letter yesterday from Cousin Charlotte Cherry. I was truly glad to hear from her. She wrote me a very kind letter.

Wednesday, March 1st.—

Cloudy and rainy. No news to-day. Sick with fever to-day; took sick last night.

Thursday, 2'd.—

Cloudy and rainy. No news to-day. Feel better to-day, but still sick. Our paroled prisoners are returning in great numbers now. Two or three thousand pass up the river every day or two.

Friday, 3rd.

Cloudy and rainy. I am much better to-day. No news to-day. Mr. Mayo, Master C.S.N. whose acquaintance I formed while on the "Tallahassee" at Wilmington came on board with several other Naval Officers to-day and took dinner with us. I like Mayo very much, he is a very handsome young man.

1865. March,

Saturday, 4th.—

The weather begins to show signs of clearing off. I am well again, and feel very thankful that I have escaped so lightly. Went to the "Bluff" this evening to remain all night. No news to-day.

Sunday, 5th.—

Clear and beautiful. No news to-day. Returned to the ship at 1 P. M. Lieutenants Bradford, Doak, and Roberts, of the Marine Corps have been paroled and returned from prison. Lieutenant Thomson has returned from leave. It is reported that Gen. Early has been defeated, and captured.

Monday, 6th.—

Clear and beautiful. The river is very high, and has been so for several days. No news to-day. Went to Richmond in the evening.

Tuesday, 7th.—

Clear and beautiful. Saw Capt. Benthuisen and Lieutenant Murdoch of Marine Corps., last night. They were captured at Fort Fisher and have just returned from prison. I saw Lieutenant Bradford and Doak to-day; and also Lieutenant Roberts, all Marine officers, who were captured at Fort Fisher. Most of them were wounded. Visited at Judge Campbell's to-day. Received a letter from Aunt Laura Elmore to-day, dated Jan. 23rd. Returned to ship this evening. Marshal Kane and a party of ladies were on board this evening.

1865. March.

Wednesday, 8th.—

No news to-day. Remained on board all day. The river is still very high.

Thursday, 9th.—

Gen. Bragg whipped the enemy at Kinston, North Carolina, capturing 1500 prisoners, and killing and wounding many, this good news reached us to-day. The tide of war has at last commenced to turn in our favour. Remained on board all day.

Friday, 10th.—

This day has been set apart by the President for fasting and prayer. Remained all day, on board; but I am sorry to say that we did not fast and pray on our ship.

Saturday, 11th.—

Clear and beautiful. Last night, while one of the boats of this ship was doing picket duty in charge of a Passed Midshipman and a Midshipman, twelve of the crew (all but one) mutinied, disarmed the officers, and took possession of the boat, and landed on

the North Side in the Enemy's line, and deserted from the boat with their arms and accoutrements, the two officers and one man barely escaping with the boat, the Yankee pickets having opened fire on them. Two of my Marine Guard, Prv't McGregor and Musician Baines, were in the boat and actively concerned in the mutiny, and deserted to the enemy with their arms and accoutrements. News reached us to-day that Gen. Hampton had surprised and defeated Gen. Kilpatrick.

Sunday, 12th.—

Clear and beautiful. Took a walk along the (north Side) lines of our army with Captain Dunnington and a friend of his. The lines are very close to each other and we could see the pickets and sentinels of the enemy very plainly with the naked eye. The pickets of the two armies are in easy musket range of each other. We had a glass with us, and had an excellent view of the Yankee lines and fortifications, particularly of Fort Harrison, which seems to be a very strong fort. We could see negro pickets in front of Fort Harrison. We came back by Gen. Custis Lee's Head-Quarters, and after a few agreeable moments spent there returned to the ship. It is reported to-day that a column of Yankee Raiders is within a few miles of Richmond. Made an official report of the desertion of the two marines on the 10 instant to Col. Beall and Captain Wilson.

Monday, 13th.—

Clear and beautiful. No news of victory to cheer our anxious hearts to-day. The South is being sorely tried, and if she is not found wanting in the balance, the dark clouds of adversity will soon clear away from her horizon and the bright sun of victory will shine out resplendently cheering the Southern heart with its gladdening rays. Visited my friends at Drewry's Bluff to-day, and returned to the ship in the evening.

Tuesday, 14th.—

Clear and beautiful. No news to-day. Drilled a company of sailors and marines on shore to-day. Lieutenant Cameron visited us yesterday evening and spent the night with us.

Wednesday, 15th.—

Cloudy and pleasant. No news to-day. Drilled the sailors and marines, on the "fantail" in the manual of arms. Two steamers

loaded with returned prisoners passed our ship to-day. They seemed to be in excellent spirits.

Thursday, 16th.—

Cloudy and windy most of the day. A party of ladies from Richmond visited our ship to-day and spent the day with us. Three of the ladies were Miss Carltons, and the other a Miss Ratcliff. Privates Payne and Parrish of my guard who deserted while on liberty at Drewry's Bluff, on the 11th instant, were returned under arrest to-day. They were arrested in Henrico County, some distance from Richmond. A very important and earnest message was sent by our President to Congress a few days ago, eloquently urging more prompt and decided action in raising men and supplies for the Army, and recommending the repeal of the "Writ of Habeas Corpus." The message is rather severe on Congress, and is quite distasteful to some of the members. Mr. Bocock, Speaker of the House told Surgeon Carrington of our ship that "it was the most outrageous document ever sent to a Congress."

1865. March.

Friday, 17th.—

Clear and beautiful. Remained on ship all day. No news of importance.

Saturday, 18th.—

Clear and beautiful. No news of importance. Wrote to Col. Bush Jones to-day. A party of very pretty ladies visited on ship from Richmond to-day. They dined on board the Richmond and returned to the city in the evening.

Sunday, 19th.—

Clear and beautiful. No news to-day. Made a short visit to Drewry's Bluff in the morning. Lieutenants Benton and Gregory of the Navy dined with us to-day. I sailed with Lieutenant Benton on the "Tallahassee."

Monday, 20th.—

Clear and beautiful. Dispatch from Gen. Johnston, announcing that he had routed Gen. Sherman at Bentonville (20 miles South East of Raleigh.) capturing three guns. Drilled sailors and marines on shore this morning.

Tuesday, 21st.—

Clear in the morning and clody in the evening. Congress ad-

journed last Saturday. H. S. Foot of Tenn. who deserted the Confederacy is now in London. Rained this evening. No letters from "home" in a long time. Am now reading "Catholic Christian Instructed", "Rienzi Last of Tribunes", and "Spectator".

Wednesday, 22d.

Clear and very windy. No news to-day.

Thursday, 23rd.—

Clear and very windy.

Friday, 24th.—

Clear and windy. Went to Drewry's Bluff to-day.

Saturday, 25th.—

Cloudy and cool. Heavy fighting on Hatcher's Run today. Mr. Connelly, a member of the English Parliament on a visit to this country, visited Admiral Semmes to-day. He said that it was his honest opinion "that, if the South gained a decided success within the next two months England and France would recognize her independence." He seems to sympathize deeply with us.

Sunday, 26th.—

Clear and cool. We captured several hundred prisoners at Hatcher's Run yesterday. Remained on board ship all day, Lieutenant Karn, a one armed naval officer and passed midshipman Hamilton, from Drewry's Bluff, took dinner with us to-day.

Monday, 27th.—

Clear and beautiful. No news to-day. A large party of young ladies from Richmond visited the Squadron and spent the day. They dined on the "Virginia" and "Richmond." We all took a walk along our lines on the North Side in front of Fort Harrison. There were several very pretty and interesting ladies in the party. Among them the most beautiful were: Miss Morris, Miss Fontaine, Miss Liles, Miss Thomas, Miss Munford, Miss Price, Miss Palmer and the three Misses Carlton, and Miss Wortham.

Tuesday, 28th.—

Clear and beautiful. No news to-day. Went down the river along our lines and batteries on the South Side to Battery Garnett with Capt. Dunington. Dined with Capt. Bradford at Battery Brooke. Returned to the ship at 8 P. M.

Wednesday, 29th.—

Clear and pleasant, Cloudy in the afternoon. No news to-day. Drilled ship's company in Infantry drill on shore to-day. Troubled with a slight sore throat for the last two or three days.

Thursday, 30th.—

Clear and pleasant. No news to-day. Remained on board ship all day, making out my quarterly returns.

POEMS

(The following poems were written by Alabama authors. "The Low Country", by Mary B. Ward, won first prize in the Elberta Clark Walker Memorial Contest for a nature poem written in 1937. Four hundred other poems from forty-five states and five foreign countries were in the contest which had been continued over a period of ten years. "In Peace and Loveliness", by Mrs. Anne Southerne Tardy was awarded a prize in a national poetry center contest. "All Summer Long" by Kathleen Sutton, appeared first in *"Columbia"*, published at New Haven, Conn. "Singing and Decoration" by Nan Connell Richardson, was first printed in the Birmingham News. "Counsel With a Wounded Heart", by Louise Crenshaw Ray, a sonnet, has been published and republished several times in American magazines, including *North American Review*, and in the author's own volume of poems entitled "Secret Shoes".)

The Low Country

Like placid earth my quiet thoughts contain
Bits of old bloom and odors clear and sweet,
That ploughing brings to light and in my brain
Each Spring come little voices to entreat:

 "Speak of the cypresses that dream
 Above a lazy, crawling stream;
 Speak from your heart, let all men see
 Glory like immortality
 In a blossom-clad magnolia tree."

I think of gleaming, bright-winged bugs that fly
Through groves where trees are gray-draped silences;
And of great dragonflies whose colors vie
The rainbow, and my heart says, "Tell of these . . .

 "And tell of cabins small and low,
 Where honeysuckle likes to grow;
 Tell of the water hyacinths too,
 Of pink and white and lupin-blue
 That covers up a black bayou."

And now it seems I smell the low, moist air
Caressing, quivering through every breeze
Of awesome twilight rolling in from where
Swamp noises come with ghostly harmonies.

 "Tell," cry my voices, "of the whole
 Landscape that beckons to the soul,
 When unreal moonlight brings increase
 Of beauty till the heart must cease,
 Or find a song to bring release."

Then comes a song to me wistful with tears,
 A low song floating through the cotton land,
 Surviving like the oaks of hoary years,
 A song that hurts me like a reprimand:

“Ah wants to go home, oh Lawd, oh Lawd,
 Ah wants to go home, go home;
 Mah heart am troubled, oh Lawd, oh Lawd,
 Ah wants to go home, go home,
 Ah wants to go home.

Mary B. Ward.

* * * * *

In Peace and Loveliness

We have the world in one small garden close,
 Where nations dwell in peace.

Tulips from Holland, China hollyhocks,
 And asters, in their gaudy colored frocks
 Flourish in gracious amity,
 Therein a life-time lease.

Old England dwells within the primrose hedge
 That goldly seeks the gate,
 The queenly rose, with radiant bloom unfurled,
 Brings messages from halfway round the world,
 With no intent to arbitrate.

Brave gardens of Scotch heather, fern and yew,
 For those of careful, sober mind,
 Passionate pansies lift imploring heads,
 Japan her iris-purpled fragrance spreads.
 For he whose fate has proved unkind,
 Grows weeping bride and fever-few.

Sun-splashed marigolds from glamorous France
 Gild all the darkening days,
 Bermuda lilies, with sweet-scented breath
 Chant paeans of bright victory to death.
 Lilacs from Persia tread a wild wind-dance,
 And African gladiolas crowd the ways.

We have the world in one small garden close,
 To bring us beauty and to calm and bless,
 Ah, that all nations so might find repose,
 And peace, and loveliness!

Anne Southerne Tardy.

Painted Rock at Sunrise

(Guntersville, Ala.)

Out of the dawn the punctual morning sun,
A golden rose on a bush of tinted cloud,
Reflects its flaming, crimson glow with proud
Indifference to another day begun.
The eastern sky shows deepening red, and sends
A fiery rocket through the cloud which ends
A misty mantling on the dark waves spun—
A sparkling burst of rubies on the river
With pyrotechnic brilliancy a-quiver.
At last the full-blown beauty of Dawn's rose,
No brighter than the rock on which it glows.
Wild forests fare down to the painted ledge,
And friendly hills are folded close about:
The brooding presence of old memories,
The music of the unforgotten years
Is wafted on the river, in and out.
The breezes whisper songs of joy and tears
Among the harp-strings of the aging trees,
Songs of impassioned loves and hopes long gone,
Burn with a rekindled flame by painted rock
In bright renaissance of an April dawn.

Anne Southerne Tardy.

* * * * *

All Summer Long

All summer long the lovely things will grow:
Roses and larkspur and wild eglantine,
While safely hidden in the leafy vine
The thrush has nested. Bees rove to and fro;
Grasses and moss cushion adventurous feet
Discovering paths of earthy fragrance. Now
Beauty has pledged our faith once more, the bough
Is bent with promised fruit, and life is sweet.
Then Lord be thanked for happy, singing days
When hearts grow full with love and yield to laughter;
And Lord be thanked for misty dawns when rafter
And hearth are more than beauty, and the ways
Of peace so clear, inevitable and true,
The mind forgets the evils men can do.

Kathleen Sutton.

Singing And Decoration

They sang of gates that stood open, of the stillness of the midnight, and of that blessed time when there will be no shadows—and looking out at the quiet graveyard, the world seemed suddenly distant and unimportant as peace spread her wings across the little country meetinghouse.

The women came to the organ one by one, singing singly or in groups, and their expressions were the same, as if they saw only the very distant.

A tiny girl in a crocheted dress amused herself by swinging on a scarred old bench, and an adventurous boy leaned far out an open window and helped himself to green peaches from an anemic tree that leaned weakly against the church.

Old men in brand-new overalls stood about the doorways, while serious-eyed young bucks looked on from the back of the house or came and went at will.

One looked vainly for the old time country girl, the kind we used to think of as being "tacky", but the mail order catalog and the local bus has made her type extinct.

Work-worn women with great knots of hair refreshed fat, kicking babies at sagging breasts.

A man rose from the midst of the assembly that filled the altar space and announced that he was saved just one year ago in this very church, at this very altar. The women sang again and a look of happiness erased their look of distance.

The unlettered, local preacher, a man of presence and fine dignity spoke of what "eye hath not seen nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him." Old women with dim eyes and scrawny hands that rested tiredly on black swiss laps smiled and gazed out of the open windows where shadows lay aslant the fragrant, flower-decked graves, as a little breeze ruffled the crepe paper blossomy wreaths which leaned against the headstones, or rested above some long still heart. Then was a voice heard—uncultured, but rich and deep—"The grace of our Savior, Lord Jesus Christ be with you all. Amen."

Nan Connell Richardson.

Counsel With a Wounded Heart

What if the gold was heavy with alloy?
You found it precious for awhile, its giving
Seemed lordly in your eyes; it brought you joy
And glorified the ritual of living.
What if illusion was a panderer
Who rendered you impervious to reason?
For such a darkness, think no ill of her
Or call her artifice a name like treason.

O wounded heart, be grateful that you had
A single coin to spend, a single hour
When earth and heaven combined to make you mad,
A god, no miracle beyond your power!
By reckoning your treasure you will find
Fate has been liberal and wisdom, blind.

Louise Crenshaw Ray.

* * * * *

Golden Dross

I shall not mind again the dull
Gray days that come between
The winter's prismic glory
And spring's exquisite green;
For you, my dear, have scattered gold
Upon the bleakest hill;
The earth your small, pale hands caressed,
Now yields a daffodil:
A fragile cup of topaz dew
Held to my lips with thoughts of you.

Lucille Key Thompson.

Lament For a Cardinal

He never knew the joy of spring—
This creature of untimely doom;
He'd never had a chance to sing
Of nature bursting into bloom.

He only saw the winter showers;
He never knew the joy of spring,
For he was child of autumn's flowers
And earth had ceased her burgeoning.

How speedily his brilliant wing
Had flashed beneath inclement skies;
He never knew the joy of spring
And all the beauty it implies.

Now he is gone—his song unspent—
The message he had planned to bring;
My heart cries out in deep lament—
He never knew the joy of spring.

Louise Leyden.

* * * * *

Cheaha Mountain

Upon this wild and craggy height,
Symbol of eternal power,
Courageous pine and laurel strive
Dauntlessly to come to flower.

Man has built a winding pathway
Which was very deftly laid,
And on the crest of Cheaha
A citadel was wisely made.

Here one may pluck a dazzling star
Or catch the moon at pleasure,
Gathering from the low-swung sky
A jewel for his treasure.

Louise Leyden.

April

April is a soft, new rug,
Knit by unseen hands;
Spreading itself upon the ground
And covering threadbare lands.

April is a necklace, too,
Sapphires linked with jade,
Circling Earth's exquisite throat—
A bond by wisdom made.

April is a little child
Wearing a wholesome guise;
She looks upon a bright, green world
And smiles through tear-filled eyes.

Louise Leyden.

BOOK REVIEWS

Foundation Stone by Lella Warren. Alfred A. Knopp. \$3.00.

Lella Warren's *Foundation Stone* is not only a novel of peculiar interest for Alabamians, but a novel of peculiar interest in the history of Southern literature. Laid near Clayton, a locale with which Miss Warren's family has been familiar for several generations, it deals with the history of Alabama from the days of the frontier through the tragic era of Reconstruction. These pioneer days of Alabama have been long forsaken by the novelist for the more glamorous times of those whom Miss Warren calls "The Cotton Snobs". In fact, Baldwin's *Flush Times in Alabama* and Longstreet's *Georgia Scenes* are perhaps the only well known books of fiction to deal with the roaring decades in the South before the birth of the cotton millionaires; and no Southern writer of fiction has heretofore seriously considered the rich material that William Gilmore Simms introduced—the struggles of the early settlers with the Southern Indians. When Miss Warren presents such scenes as the Indian Chokho's screeching refusal to pass the turnip greens to Indian-cheating Guy, or the collapse of Miss Gracey's ball through the preference of the male guests to return to a wolf hunt, or Alabama's hysterical reception of her baptism of stars, she recalls the grotesque vigor of Baldwin's classic and makes one hope that other writers of fiction will follow her lead in working this rich mine of early Alabama history.

Written from point of view of Yarbrough Whetstone and his wife Gerda, the novel actually concerns itself with the loves and hates of four generations. Its structure is apparent in the headings of the seven books: "The Home Place," "Pioneering," "The Land Yields," "The Cotton Snobs," "Cotton Militant," "The Land Scarred, Rock Wall."

At the death of William Whetstone, his son Yarbrough becomes head of the family. He and his wife Gerda make the decision of leaving their exhausted South Carolina plantation for the new lands in Alabama, that El Dorado of the cotton planter. Black and white, young and old, they travel together. Members of the Whetstone family become pioneers, clearing forests, living in log houses, building their own school, and eating the simplest of food. They build well, led by Yarbrough with his impetuosity and daring and Gerda with her Dutch calm and vitality. Under

the elemental conditions of the new country some of the numerous family degenerate, naturally enough. Miss Gracey, the erstwhile South Carolina belle, dwindles into a beautiful and neurotic angel, beating her wings in the insensate waste. One of Yarbrough's own sons, flown with insolence and power, develops into a monstrous sadist. But others, freed from standards of civilization, attain their full stature. Yarbrough and Gerda do. Yarbrough's brother-in-law Guy, loosed from the etiquette which has made him a gentlemanly carbon copy back in South Carolina, becomes one of the outstanding citizens of the new State—in spite of his Indian wife and unusual trading practises. But regardless of individual eccentricities the Whetstone family is strong. It remains strong, because it stays together. At the very end of the story, Gerda, in speaking to her daughter Lucinda, compares the family to the Rock Wall, the foundation stone of the Whetstone estate. "It takes five wide solid steps to pass through the thickness of the wall," she says. "They mount solidly, and it holds the land firm around our house. Your father, Yarbrough, built it strongly, to hold back any gully-wash that might threaten the family. To keep it unharmed."

In addition to a well knit story and much carefully collected information, *Foundation Stone* has characters that leave an impression. Oddly enough, this seems to be a somewhat unusual accomplishment among contemporary novelists, many of whom have fallen into the quagmire of the stream-of-consciousness method. Miss Warren's method in places is reactionary to the point of being almost Dickensian. She frequently supplements subjective or anecdotal description by attaching a specific mannerism to a specific character. Thus, Chokho with her grinding stones, Emma Will with her fishing pole, Ven with his bottle, Gran with his iconoclasm and his pipe—minor characters like these—stand out as well as the more subtly drawn principals. With one or two exceptions Miss Warren has refrained from portraying the Negroes in detail. They serve as a Greek chorus to give point to comedy or tragedy.

The soundness of structure in *Foundation Stone* makes it remarkable as a first novel. As a fictionalized account of a little known period of Southern history it is a valuable contribution both in its own right and in the possible influence it may have on other writers.

—Emily Sinclair Calcott.

The Loyalists in North Carolina during the Revolution by Robert O. DeMond: Duke University Press. \$3.00.

The fighting in the South during the Revolutionary War has always been known as a fratricidal war between neighbors. There were almost as many men drawn from North and South Carolina for the use of the British government as for the Continental (which fact explains, incidentally the use of the regular troops in the South). Except for the inefficiency of the British government and Clinton's antagonism for Cornwallis, the Southern Tories might have been drawn into a formidable army with the army of Lord Cornwallis as a nucleus.

Furthermore it is well known that drastic laws were enacted by the various states against those who had aided and abetted the cause of the British government. But such laws were not supposed to operate against any person (landowner or otherwise) who had not actively used his person or influence for the advantage of the British cause. These laws approximated those passed previously by the English government, particularly those levelled against the Scots after the rebellion of 1745.

With this as a general background, Dr. DeMond draws a detailed foreground in his *The Loyalists in North Carolina during the Revolution*. He has studied intensively records from Canada, England, and Colonial and Revolutionary North Carolina. The book deals with raids, murders, and assassinations of opposing families and settlements, rather than with major engagements or important battles. It shows, moreover, that many injustices were done in the American courts against any one who was outright a Revolutionary and who was forced into court on charges brought by so-called Patriots. Numbers of Tories, deprived of their property by the North Carolina courts and ignored by English courts of claims, lost everything—except, of course, those persons who were fortunate enough to receive land grants made in Canada during the emergency.

The book throws no new light upon history, perhaps, but it does fill in many minute and interesting details. Family names, county feuds, details of destruction of property, of court trials, of confiscations, descriptions of parcels of land—all these minutiae of history appear in profusion and apparently with great accuracy.

The volume is a valuable reference book for those concerned with details of Southern history (it explains, in addition to Revolutionary matters, such things as the reason for the heavily Scottish population of certain parts of Florida) or with those interested in matters pertaining to genealogy.

—Emily Sinclair Calcott.

Gullah: Negro Life in the Carolina Sea Islands. By Mason Crum, 351 pp. Durham, N.C. Duke University Press. \$3.50.

Professor Crum has succeeded in writing about a region and a people not only as one who knows and loves them from years of personal acquaintance, but also as a scholar who will not permit sentiment to color facts. Convinced that better relations between the two races of the South rest upon "the solid foundation of knowledge and the appraisal of facts," he has drawn upon the history, geography, economics, music, art, and customs of this little-known section in writing what he terms an introduction to the social history of the Gullah Negroes. Motivated by his concern for human relations and his boyhood desire to pay off a debt to the kindly black folk who helped to rear him, Dr. Crum made this careful study and presented his findings. In so doing he has performed a distinct service to the student of racial problems in general, and to the white and Negro races of the South in particular.

For the benefit of his uninitiated reader the author hastens to explain in the preface of his book that the term Gullah, applied to the Negroes living along the coasts of South Carolina and Georgia, is "almost certainly a corruption of the African Gola, or Gora, names of African tribes living in Liberia, east of the city of Monrovia." Brought as slaves to the rice and cotton plantations of the Carolina low country, these primitive black people passed on remnants of a culture which persists in the speech, music, customs, and beliefs of their descendants today, a social phenomenon made possible by the isolation provided by the geography of the region and by the events of the past century.

In the first four chapters the author introduces the reader to the locale with descriptions that produce a nostalgia for its sequestered waterways and the "gentle peace which has settled over the land." But with persistent regard for facts, he will indulge in looking backward only at the lavender and old lace of these

islands. He also tells without flinching of the mosquito infested holes of water beside newly made concrete highways, of cut over timber lands, of indolent Negro youth with its ever present flea bitten dogs in front of the cross-roads store, and always with understanding of how these things came to be and with sympathy that these things are as they are.

To this reviewer the most fascinating portion of the book is that given to the description of the Gullahs themselves, their unique dialect with its abundance of meaning and extreme economy of words, their charmingly courteous manners, their moving spirituals, and their native beliefs and primitive superstitions. The latter half of the book which deals with the plantation missions, the rice community, the hardships of slavery, and the effects of the War between the States upon this section, is written in a less interesting manner than the first half, but supplies the reader with valuable source materials which are basic to an understanding of the passing of a social and economic order which influenced and was influenced by the Gullah Negroes.

—Claire Kearse Grauel.

Body Servant by Edith Tatum. Banner Press. Emory University, Atlanta. \$1.00.

During the War Between the States many of the more wealthy planters had body servants who followed them to the very field of battle. These slaves had enjoyed the confidence of their masters and were aware of no environment so good. Their lot was above that of the other slaves and they evidently sensed a good fortune which bred loyalty.

In her short story, *Body Servant*, Edith Tatum has presented a sincere portrait of the relations existing between a slave and his master.

Johnny followed his master and the men in gray but he never could understand anything about battles. "Dar sho mus' be sump'n on top er dat yonder hill Mars Ed'ard an' dem boys wants mighty bad," he said to himself as he watched charge after charge. "An' I reckon dem low-down . . . Yankees don't want 'em ter have it, jes' fer meanness. . . . Whyn't dem Yankees let 'em have

dat top er der hill ef dey wants it?" Johnny had been accustomed to his young master having his own way and resented any act which thwarted Edward's purpose.

The Negro had a sound sense of material values. When he saw a blue-clad figure lying on the ground he stopped and carefully observed the well-shod Yankee feet. "Dat sho is er good pair er shoes. . They'd jest about fit Mars Ed'ard. His shoes ain't nothin' but rags, an' he say dey gwine be some big fightin' tomorrow after dis skirmish." One has every reason to believe that Mars Ed'ard wore those shoes.

Edward was as loyal to the Confederacy as Johnny was to him: After being severely wounded he joined the Marine Corps and went aboard the Privateer *Tallahassee*. His faithful servant could not follow him there but returned home to await his master's coming.

In those awful days of 1865 Edward returned home, ill-clad and penniless. His best friend was the faithful Johnny who gave him good clothes bought with greenbacks taken from the Yankee dead. "Waal, yer see, Mars Ed'ard, I bought dem clos all yo' size. I kinder 'spicioned how it was gwine er be."

—Emmett Kilpatrick.

GENEALOGICAL DEPARTMENT QUERIES

(Space will be given in this Department of the Quarterly for genealogical queries. Any one having information desired please communicate with the inquirer.)

Joseph Jackson, born 1769, died March 31, 1861, married Delilah Cooper, and resided in Greene County, Ala.

Mrs. Virgil Browne, 1-7 West 3rd St., Oklahoma City, Okla.

William Mace Lewis, sometimes referred to as Gen. Mace Lewis, who lived at Moulton, Lawrence County, in 1832, and of the firm of Coopwood, Lewis and Company.

Meriwether L. Lewis, 511 Boscobel St., Nashville, Tenn.

Stephen Mays and first wife, Lucinda Rainey, lived in Greene County. She died about 1840 while he died about 1856. He married second a Miss Williamson, of Greensboro. Stephen Mays had a son Llewellyn Mathew Mays, born February 26, 1831, in Edgefield, S.C.; graduated in medicine, Louisville, Ky., married in Brandon, Miss., to Harriet Fore.

Mrs. Sallie Strother Hollingsworth, Edgefield, S. C.

Direct descendant of John Inge, a Revolutionary soldier. Any information acceptable.

Mrs. W. O. Caviness, 12 East Berry St., Greencastle, Indiana.

Matilda Catherine Howell (Price), lived in Lauderdale County, August 31, 1827. Who were her parents?

Miss Edwina Miller, 930 East Fortification, Jackson, Miss.

Bennet Howell and wife, Charlotte, moved to near Hamburg, about 1820. Their son, James Howell, married Martha Weaver. He was born December 3, 1823, died March 3, 1871. She was born June 18, 1828, died October 20, 1880. They lived in Selma and after his death, Martha (Weaver) Howell, moved to Macon, Miss. Mrs. Maria Patterson, Airy View, 1339 Arabella St., New Orleans, La.

James Witherington and Mary King, daughter of James and Katherine (Coleman) King, were married January 15, 1828, in Southern Alabama. James Witherington was born September 19, 1805. Any information about the Kings or Witheringtons.

Mrs. Lela Fletcher Kidwell, 1822 West Noble, Guthrie, Oklahoma.

John Rhodes and Mary Ingram had a son, Bryant Rhodes, born May 23, 1794, married 1836, Eliza Avery, born May 15, 1797, died 1841. Their son John Henry Rhodes, born January 27, 1817, died July 24, 1839, married Eliza Willis, born January 16, 1815, and their son James Warner Rhodes was born about 1864, at Cuba, Ala., and died January 1, 1922, at Memphis, Tenn. Any information desirable.

Mrs. Marie S. Browder, 1415 Isabella Ave., Houston, Texas.

Benjamin Franklin Pickens, who settled in Clarke County, about 1820.

Mrs. Cheri Pickens Ulbricht, 1911 Hunter Ave., Mobile, Ala.

Patrick Norris died in S.C. In 1835 his wife, M. Norris died in Alabama. In 1862 they had three children living in Alabama. Patrick Norris had a cousin, John Norris, aged over 80, who married his cousin, Rachel Norris, and they were living in Alabama in 1860.

Mrs. M. C. Orvin, 977 King St., Charleston, S.C.

Henry Wadsworth Hilliard. Any information acceptable.

Mrs. J. W. Lawler, 337 School St., Clarkedale, Miss.

